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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Allen Dulles and Bang-Jensen

AN EDITORIAL

The High Cost of Buying American

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Revolt of Enoch Peters

PETER CRUMPET

Articles and Reviews by . . . . E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
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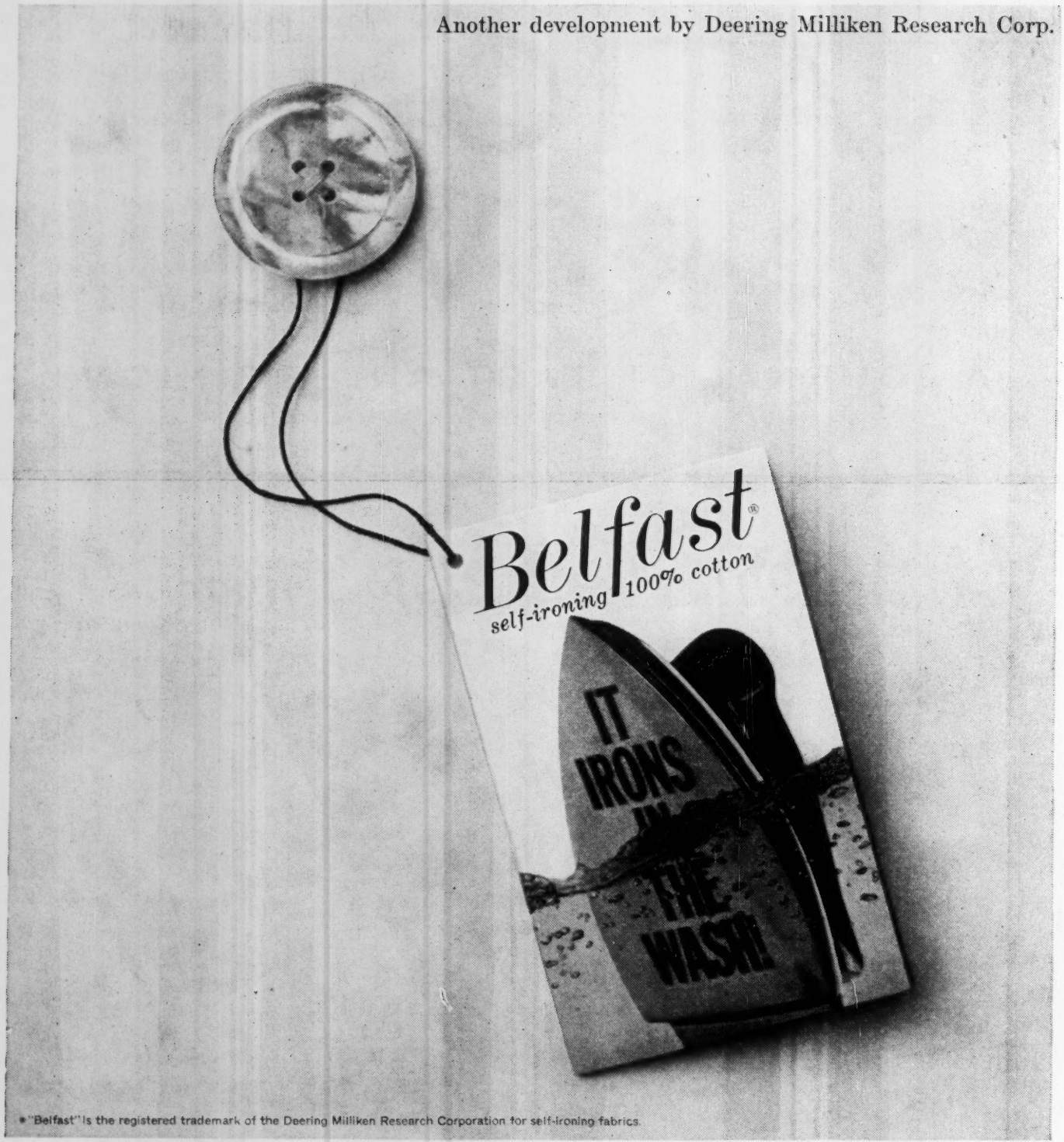

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

Two West Coast union men, suing for damages as a result of their ouster from International Union of Machinists for advocating Right-to-Work laws, have lost their case. Superior Court Judge Frampton ruled that organized labor's stand against such laws makes any member who publicly advocates them guilty of disloyalty to his union. The ACLU may support the appeal. . . . The U. S. congressmen on Jimmy Hoffa's "purge list" setting up national committee to work for re-election of entire group.

Booming Soviet diamond production, predicted in National Review Bulletin (Nov. 29, 1958) has resulted in agreement with De Beers interests which market 98 per cent of world diamonds. . . . Variety reports Moscow Symphony Orchestra a great success with audiences in New York despite critical panning. . . . The Worker, blowing up anti-Semitic outbreaks to pandemic proportions, puts blame entirely on revived West German Nazism. . . . British reaction similarly anti-German. English papers report dismissals of German nationals from British firms, boycott of West German goods. . . . Saner reaction from Rabbi Julius Mark of Temple Emanu-El in New York, who says swastika paintings and smearings have been swollen "out of all proportion" by press. . . . New York State Commission Against Discrimination reports that after extensive investigation ("56 staff days" worth, whatever that means), it has concluded the phrase "churches nearby" in advertising by vacation resorts has no religious discrimination connotations.

Tempo, a member of Executive Committee of Yugoslav Communist Party, reportedly going to Moscow for "health reasons"—an indication of new warming in Soviet-Yugoslav relations. Tito recently stated his relations with USSR good at the moment and expressed hope "they will become better." . . . Despite behind-scenes pressure from Havana, Mexican President Lopez Mateos will not visit Cuba during his current six-nation Latin American tour. . . . Indication of disenchantment in Latin America with Castro seen in blast at Castro "dictatorship" by Argentina's influential La Prensa.

Curiouser and Curiouser: A reader informs us that the Hungarian Post Office issued a stamp on March 14, 1959 showing same picture of hidden side of moon the USSR discovered and photographed seven months later.

The WEEK

● The Republican Party is going after the egghead vote, an AP dispatch reveals, the job of rounding up the intellectuals having been explicitly assigned by Senator Thruston Morton to an aide certified as an Associate Professor of Political Science, on furlough from Stanford University, with the resplendent name of Cornelius P. Cotter. The job will perhaps be easier to do now that the Republican Party is getting ready to retire its Pride & Joy, whose typical response over the past eight years to political challenges has not been notably thoughtful, let alone philosophical. Granted the Republican Party of anti-Communism via Camp David, anti-inflation via increasing government expenditures, states rights via *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, the free market via monopoly unionism, better education via HEW, national independence via the World Court—is enough to confound intellectually-minded folk. But perhaps it is as simple as catching them on the run from the harum-scarum of Democratic eggheadery. There is plenty to run from, even if not too much to run to; so go to it, Cornelius.

● Senator Wayne Morse, the Oregon enigma, has entered several Presidential primaries against Senators Humphrey and Kennedy because, explains Morse, both Humphrey and Kennedy voted for that horrendous slave labor bill Congress okayed last session. Any convention delegates Morse garners, he makes it known, he will throw Adlai Stevenson's way. That's the Adlai Stevenson who, subsequent to the steel strike settlement, opined to a handy newspaper reporter that what we need is a considerably tougher labor law than the new one, to protect the public interest. Meanwhile, George Meany (who is still Labor, isn't he?) praises Senator Kennedy and criticizes Vice President Nixon, who helped settle the steel strike. Meany had nothing to say about Morse. But then, Morse hasn't had anything to say about Meany —yet. All this is known as politics.

● Signposts right now indicate the AFL-CIO plans to stay officially out of the 1960 Presidential election battle. This does not mean that member unions and individual labor leaders will remain neutral. In local and congressional contests labor is expected to be more active than ever. But the parent organization and its powerful propaganda arm, the Committee on Political Education (COPE), are considering a hands-off attitude on the issue of Richard Nixon vs. Mr. X. AFL-CIO leaders feel they have nothing to lose, much to gain, by this unexpected posture, given these premises: 1) the Republicans will win the Presidency this year; 2) there's no great rank-and-file enthusiasm for *any* of the Democratic candidates now mentioned; 3) (and most important) what better way to punish a heavily Democratic Congress which not only passed the restrictive Landrum-Griffin Act, but failed to enact a parcel of labor-backed welfare projects? So Big Labor will stay on the sidelines—unless Messrs. Gallup and Roper spot a Democratic bandwagon moving up that no sensible bureaucrat could risk missing.

● No man should underestimate the problems daily confronted by the Congress of the United States. Take the Senate: this business of the floor. In their grand plan for refurbishing their working quarters, the Senators voted $100,000 two years ago for a new tiled floor. Disaster. Senate secretaries, clicking on high heels through the hallowed halls, skidded and tumbled on the tiles' slippery surface. The Senators reconsidered, and last year authorized another appropriation ($150,000) for new carpeting for the newly tiled floor. Now it turns out that the secretaries, sidling across carpets, build up an electrical charge. When they touch the brass door-knobs to enter their bosses' offices—zing! or zap! The building engineers—as janitors are called nowadays—now propose plastic mittens to insulate the brass knobs that open the doors above the new carpets laid on the newly tiled floors that the secretaries walk on. Maybe it would be easier just to rip off the carpeting and have the girls go barefoot.

● The new local government in Huntington Township, Long Island, has decided to increase the minimum city work week from thirty to thirty-five hours. Supervisor Robert J. Flynn stated that the city's two hundred office workers would henceforth open their offices a half hour earlier every day, and close them a half hour later—with no increase in salary! The new schedule, said Mr. Flynn, "will be the equivalent of adding more than $100,000 worth of work hours a year to the town's labor force without increasing the budget." And will we be believed when we add: the new Huntington regime is composed of Democrats, who two months ago beat the Republicans for the first time in a Huntington election?

● *Life in the Proletarian Paradise Department, Room at the Top Division*: The 300 party-member Communists of the Polish town of Ziebice are leaderless. For some unspecified reason, the former leader left office and town, and nobody wants to replace him. The comrades held a six-hour party caucus and came up with dozens of nominations, but every candidate declined. Rumbled the Polish *Workers' Journal* ominously: "The ideological value of people disregarding the party's interest is to be doubted."

● Come the Ides of next July and a newly independent nation, Somalia, an Ethiopian thumb along the Indian Ocean (1,255,000 strong), will augment the moral authority of the United Nations as another member of the Afro-Asian bloc for world morality. Thus will the Somalis—with a vote exactly equal to ours—register their reflections on atomic energy, world disarmament, Korea, international justice, integrated schools and bipartisan marriages. Welcome aboard.

● Fifteen years ago we blew Hiroshima to bits with the first atom bomb and were only dissuaded at the last minute from trying the Japanese Emperor as a war criminal. Last week we signed a treaty with the Japanese pledging to go to war at once in their behalf if anyone attacks them. At the same time we have offered assurances that no Tokyo government will be dragged against its better judgment into any war of our own devising. The irony of this is considerable: it is our worst enemies of 1941-45 that are now our best—indeed, our only dependable—allies in the struggle to keep from being eaten alive by our late friend, the Soviet Union. Make what you will of it, it certainly proves the relevance of George Washington's warning to beware of any *permanent* emotional commitment to *any* foreign nation. Alliances may be necessary—but maybe they should be entered into for specific ends and without the illusion that eternity is somehow involved.

● . . . and bringing up the rear is Dwight D. Eisenhower, last of the notables to demand the repeal of the student loyalty oath. Like Presidents Griswold and Pusey of Yale and Harvard, Senators Kennedy, Javits and Neuberger, Secretary Flemming and Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. Eisenhower feels that to ask a prospective student to sign an oath that he "does not believe in, or belong to, any organization that teaches the illegal overthrow of the Government" as a pre-condition to securing a government loan is to demand something that is, in Mr. Eisenhower's words, "justifiably resented by a large part of our educational community." But the fact of the matter is that it is ***not*** resented by a large part of the educational community. The resentment comes primarily from the most powerful, the most influential, the most vocal *and* most publicized segment of that community—from the Ivy League. The figures show that while 19 colleges and universities—most of them from the Ivy League east—have rejected the oath-conditioned student scholarship program, 1,368 colleges have accepted it, oath and all. And these participating colleges—while largely unpublicized on the subject—were influential enough to keep the Association of American Colleges last week from adopting a loyalty oath disclaimer. A revolt of the masses, perhaps?

● Harvard has proudly announced the completion of its $82.5 million drive to supplement its endowment. Idea. Why not retain the same people who managed this fund drive for Harvard, and ask them to please raise one billion dollars for areas in the nation where education is in distress? If Harvard alumni can put up $82.5 million in a couple of years, can't the people at large raise money for general education without turning to the government? Our commission? Fewer taxes.

● ALGER HISS STEPS OUT: Our attention was called to page 26 of the *Harvard Law School Bulletin* for December 1959, which reproduces a group picture of the 30th Reunion of the Harvard Law Class of 1929. Seventy-six distinguished men, each identified with a number across his chest. No. 74 has come up in the world, sort of like the man with the low-numbered license plate. It is not known whether he will attend a tenth reunion, next year, of his class at Lewisburg, Pa., where his number was just plain old 19137.

Khrushchev Prepares for the Summit

The President and Premier Nikita Khrushchev are both, naturally enough, making ready for the May 16 Summit conference, each in his own fashion. The President has taken as his upward path a world circuit on which he has assured the peoples of Asia and Europe—with the Latin Americans soon to be added—that he and his countrymen wish nothing but peace and good will to all men and all nations. Day by day he proves his assertion to the hilt.

On all issues in dispute, from debts to space to nuclear tests, he makes whatever concessions are called for. He accepts the missile gap, and cuts back, down or out the most decisive weapon programs. By active approval or silence he welcomes among us propagandists and enemy agents disguised as scientists, artists and students. He permits without remark the breakdown of the boycott on industrial traffic with the enemy. He publicly credits the enemy leaders with good and peaceful purposes, and publicly notes with satisfaction that tensions are eased and easing. He sets "Peace and Prosperity" as the theme for a national election campaign.

In his approach to the Summit's peak, Nikita Khrushchev uses a different route. Khrushchev tightens discipline throughout his empire, ousting laggards and revisionists in a dozen satellite governments, and publicly rebukes two of his closest Presidium comrades. He boasts of his missile production lines and operational batteries as able to annihilate his opponents at the touch of a button. He announces

a new "fantastic weapon" that will make all existing arms obsolete.

Visiting puppet Hungary, he brutally proclaims his might to the families of the very workers who were slaughtered on his orders. One cell of his agents eggs on a Caribbean demagogue to fanatic anti-Americanism while another tests sabotage methods on our nuclear warships. In a 7,000 word ukase, he informs his subjects that "peaceful coexistence" in no way suspends the fight against "imperialism"; that they must strengthen their "intolerance" of all "bourgeois ideology" and step up their relentless struggle against "hostile" capitalism, socialism, revisionism. He repeats and hardens his demands on Berlin, Germany, Europe, the world. In a bold attempt to thrust Russia out of her historical land confinement, he commands the citizens of all nations to evacuate a great area of the Pacific Ocean while he stages a grandiose propaganda show with his space machines.

The difference is thus to be explained. The May Summit, which in the President's vision is a green table around which responsible men will seek some measure of agreement, is in Nikita Khrushchev's eyes one more battlefield in a war to the death.

The Misjudgment of Solomon

The action of a New York City magistrate has elevated to a new level of seriousness the swastika-nonsense of the past few weeks. We note the calm with which New York has greeted the action of Magistrate Milton Solomon in ordering treason charges against three punks, aged 16, 20 and 21, for "conducting a war" against society. The war was conducted out of the room of the 21-year-old leader, where swastikas and phonograph records of Hitler's speeches were stashed, and where the defendants planned to go across the park "to beat up some Jews," in pursuit, presumably, of their war for racial purity.

The Magistrate announced his intention to make the charge treason to the three warriors when they appeared for arraignment. The Fuehrer promptly broke down and cried hysterically, insisting that he was insane, and had done what he did "in a state of intoxication." Solomon was unshaken, and posted bail—at $100,000. The arresting officers were surprised, having had in mind, for disorderly conduct, a maximum fine of $50, and 60 days in the workhouse. Judge Solomon pointed out to reporters that the crime for which he has decreed that the boys be tried carries with it a mandatory death sentence. It has, by the way, never been invoked in the history of New York State, and is harsher than any counterpart in the federal statute books.

"THREE YOUTHS FACE DEATH PENALTY IF CONVICTED," the *New York Times* solemnly reported on its front page the next morning—without a smile. Granted it hurts to laugh in the *New York Times*—still, what kind of lunacies are we to permit unsmilingly in the name of stamping out racial prejudice? Killing people who are unbrotherly? That appears to be the new dispensation of Solomon.

We venture to say that somewhere along the line, and very soon now, the charges against the three warriors will reappear in another and softer guise. Perhaps that can be done without reference to Magistrate Solomon, or perhaps one of his superiors will, in closed conference, tell him what he should be told publicly, that he is a first-class ass and, in a stroke, did more to foster anti-Semitic sentiment by his act of hysterical vindictiveness than a thousand juvenile delinquents can with all their paint cans. Perhaps the surprising absence of stormy protest against Mr. Solomon's action—the *Post* was the only New York daily to protest—derives from the general confidence that such lunacies do not roam unchecked for very long in a free and mature society; still, shouldn't the protests come more quickly? Or—is it conceivable?—did Carl Sandburg really speak last week for a wave of sentiment in recommending the death penalty for swastika painters?

We have said it before, and say it again: the incidence of recent anti-Semitic activity appears to be closely related to the publicity that is given to it. This is easy to verify: authorities concerned, or newspapers with the facilities to do so, could interview the culprits who have been apprehended during the past weeks and ask how long they had been up to this particular kind of hooliganism. We predict most of them took to it since Christmas and the revelation by the *New York Times* that swastikas on synagogues rate front-page headlines. The remnant of purposive anti-Semites cannot be assumed to be any more numerous or more bitter today than they were two months ago. No one, incidentally, has pointed to a single development on the recent political scene of the kind that rouses anti-Semitism. There has been no Dreyfus case, no threatening of the peace by Israel; nothing. Even so, the publicity has put the Jewish community on the spot. They should be the first to repudiate the Solomons in their midst.

A North Wind Blows Good

It's almost enough to make a U.S. free enterpriser wish he had been born a Canadian! We refer to the trial run which pay-as-you-see TV is about to get in the Etobicoke suburb of Toronto, Canada.

Here in the United States the big radio and television boys have, by one ruse or another, kept pay-TV from having its competitive chance against the

types of program (rigged quiz shows and such) that have been sponsored by the big advertisers. Our broadcasting industry has been mealy-mouthed, hypocritical, and—worse!—incredibly stupid in trying to choke off a development that might result in putting TV entertainment in the hands of the consumer—which, under any system that aspires to the name of freedom, is where it belongs.

But in Canada, apparently, people are willing to practice what they preach. In the near future the Trans-Canada Telemeter division of Famous Players Canadian Corp., Ltd., promises to start the broadcasting of prize fights, moving pictures and other commercial entertainment on a pay basis. Customers who want to get "home access" to the offerings will pay $5 each to have coin boxes attached to their receiving sets. Famous Players, the Paramount International Films affiliate in Canada, plans to open the Toronto suburban circuit with some 2,000 coin box purchasers depositing up to $1 a performance to see advertising-free shows.

The experiment may come to nothing if the Canadian suburbanites decide they'd rather have the advertising-sponsored fare. But at least these consumers will have had the right to choose. In the U.S., the leaders in television, backed by the FCC, deny the man in the street, the poor slob, that right. Democracy? Let's not bring up *that* old chestnut.

Castro Raises His Sights

Fidel Castro is growing restless within the confining boundaries of his domestic island. A short while ago he sent his Minister of State, Rául Roa, on a reconnaissance of Africa, the Middle and Far East, searching out new worlds to conquer. The signs were auspicious, and with Gamal Abdel Nasser's particular concurrence, Fidel will stage in Havana this summer a conference of "neutral nations," defined for this event as a) "underindustrialized" and b) UN members.

The ostensible purpose is to crystallize a "third power bloc"—a buffer zone between the Soviet and Western "power blocs." Its principal architect is not Rául Roa, however, but the by-now-familiar Ernesto Guevara, Castro's Communist grand vizier, who conceived it in an illuminating flash last November while touring Asia and Africa. Guevara, doubtless imitating the example of his forebears ("Lenin," "Trotsky," "Stalin"), has of late limited his signature on official decrees to his revolutionary sobriquet, "Che." The precedents suggest an omen: this shall be no "third power bloc." The real objective of the summer conference is to fuse an anti-American pressure group to hand Russia a working majority in the United Nations, to promote expropriation à la Cuba of Western property in the underdeveloped nations, and to facilitate Soviet political and economic penetration.

Perhaps it was with a foreboding of such neutrality that William R. Matthews, editor and publisher of the *Arizona Daily Star,* wrote last week to the *New York Times.* The influential Matthews, one of Fidel Castro's enthusiastic early admirers, has now decided that "Castro is a prisoner of the Communists." Mr. Matthews ends his letter: "Certainly no Government of the United States can or will permit a Communist-directed 'People's Democracy' to be established ninety-eight miles off the mainland of our country." May it prove accurate prediction as well as pious hope!

Where Are the Candidates?

The Presidential campaign seems to be shrouded more and more thickly in a weird air of unreality, a London-like smog in which groping voters can scarcely make out the blurred figures of the receding candidates. Who are these men—in terms of policy and program—who offer themselves to their fellow citizens as suitable occupants of the most powerful office in the land, and on earth? Day by day we seem to be moving further away from, not nearer, the answers.

Nelson Rockefeller quits without a fight. It is there-

Allen Dulles and Bang-Jensen

Not long after the Russian suppression of the 1956 Hungarian revolt, certain Soviet citizens working at United Nations headquarters in New York wished to defect to the United States. To that end they sought the aid of the only UN official whom they unqualifiedly trusted: Povl Bang-Jensen, of whose discretion in relation to the Hungarian freedom-fighter witnesses they were cognizant.

These Soviet citizens asked Povl Bang-Jensen to act as their intermediary in arranging with the United States Government the kind of sanctuary that the Canadian Government had afforded Igor Gouzenko, when he defected from the Soviet embassy in Ottawa. The would-be defectors at the UN at first insisted that Bang-Jensen should discuss the matter with the President of the United States. They laid down this unrealistic condition because to their own knowledge, they said, both the United States mission to the UN and the United States Central Intelligence Agency were infiltrated by Soviet agents. The would-be defectors were proposing to name these Soviet agents in American employ as proof of their bona fides, and part-payment for a safe haven in the United States.

Not surprisingly, Povl Bang-Jensen could not reach the President. The would-be defectors then agreed that he should deal with Mr. Allen W. Dulles, Director of CIA.

Mr. Bang-Jensen made repeated efforts to get in contact with Mr. Dulles, but without success. Finally, in growing desperation, the would-be defectors agreed that Bang-Jensen might explore the matter with a designated aide to Mr. Dulles. Contact was made, and a number of conferences, approximately eight, ensued. At this point, the aide to Mr. Dulles prepared a memorandum for record, summarizing his conversations with Bang-Jensen. This memorandum, of which several copies were made, reached certain other agencies of the government as well as CIA.

Not long thereafter the Soviet Government learned of the attempted Bang-Jensen liaison with United States authorities. The would-be defectors were returned to Russia.

Povl Bang-Jensen was pilloried in a vicious campaign of character assassination. Some United States officials participated in that campaign.

In 1958 Bang-Jensen engaged Robert Morris, former Chief Counsel of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, in a projected fight to secure his reinstatement at his UN post, from which he had been dismissed for refusal to give up the confidential list of Hungarian witnesses. Mr. Morris succeeded in getting independent corroboration of enough of Bang-Jensen's story to convince him that "the Bang-Jensen case is bigger than the Hiss case."

Probably without Bang-Jensen's knowledge, the Central Intelligence Agency moved in the summer of 1958 to place Bang-Jensen's personal life and his search for a job under the observation and influence of its own covert employees.

Two weeks ago, following the nation-wide publicity which Lyle C. Wilson, head of the UPI Washington Bureau, gave to the Bang-Jensen case and to questions raised by NATIONAL REVIEW and Robert Morris, the Central Intelligence Agency, up to that point silent, issued a statement that its Director, Allen Dulles, did in truth confer with Povl Bang-Jensen, on 10 December 1957, and that Bang-Jensen gave Mr. Dulles no information concerning Soviet infiltration in either the United States mission to the UN or in CIA.

This statement is a misrepresentation, and must be presumed a deliberate CIA attempt to cover up its own derelictions in the case of Povl Bang-Jensen. The date of this alleged "conference" was nearly a year after Bang-Jensen had initiated his efforts to negotiate the defections. The "conference" was in fact a lunch in a residence, at which a number of persons, including journalists, were present. The social atmosphere was not one in which so sensitive a problem could have been discussed. There was no private talk between Bang-Jensen and Allen Dulles.

Simultaneously with the release of this statement, certain covert CIA employees and consultants who were associated with Bang-Jensen or his affairs prior to his death are revising, along lines bolstering the CIA statements' implications, what they have previously expressed concerning Bang-Jensen, his acts and his death.

Is a frantic and incompetent bureaucracy putting pressure on potential witnesses before the congressional inquiry which, under Senator Thomas Dodd's direction, the Internal Security Subcommittee is conducting into this affair?

Povl Bang-Jensen is dead. He died under mysterious circumstances, which have not been adequately explained or investigated. Many persons and many forces, not exclusively Soviet, had reason to breathe easier at his passing.

The Central Intelligence Agency is, at the very least, guilty of two grievous sins of the kind to which ingrown bureaucracies are prone: a sin of major omission, in failing to follow up, immediately and fully, the lead offered by Bang-Jensen's approach—even if that lead proved a false scent; a sin of shameless commission, in now trying to cover its own tracks at the expense of its country's interest and a brave man's honor.

fore deemed no longer necessary for Mr. Nixon to define himself in terms of problems, issues, goals, proposals. His task is only "organizational," and to maintain a lofty, all-national image; to strengthen the Party machine, and recruit young, personable, dynamic men (no matter the views; Goldwater or Rockefeller, so long as they are young, personable and dynamic) to run on the state and local level.

Among the Democrats, three of the major contenders are not even candidates. Lyndon Johnson, Stuart Symington and Adlai Stevenson keep their words as empty as possible, avoid all offense, move about shaking hands, holding conferences, lining up and being lined. In California and Oregon, local favorites bid for control of their state delegations—only to control them, not for any purpose of policy, not even with any serious expectation of getting into the race. Senators Humphrey and Kennedy say less and less, speech by speech, and decide whether to enter the Wisconsin primaries only on the basis of minute calculation of votes in this district and that. All the candidates study the daily polls, launch million-dollar new polls of their own, and daily trim their expressed ideas to the latest statistics from Gallup or Roper.

What about war? missiles? exploding Africa and surging Asia? inflation? taxes? Castro? space? Questions, it seems, that are irrelevant for an election process that is transformed from an open political contest to a mechanical manipulation of masses. But the questions remain. They may yet force their way through.

The Education of John L. Lewis

Mr. John L. Lewis has delivered his farewell address to the miners, and it is in his characteristic style. But the purple, the hyperboles, the rococo, do not obscure the central concern of an old man who came to realize before it was too late that the well-being of workers is directly related to the well-being of the economy; and to realize further that the well-being of an economy rests on the freedom of its citizens.

John Lewis was not so clear on these points fifteen or twenty years ago, when he tyrannized over our society seeking special privileges for his beloved miners, and vastly enjoying his public role as, alternately, national bogey-man, and incorruptible militant warrior for the downtrodden. But beginning a dozen years ago he came to realize that if coal were to continue as an American industry, spokesmen for coal unions would have to show the statesmanship of which Lewis is in fact highly capable. The demands for higher and higher pay unrelated to productivity moderated; for eleven years there has been industrial peace in the coal industry; and every labor-saving device and method the ingenuity of management could come up with, Lewis sanctioned. The result is that though American miners are paid three times as much as German miners, Americans can deliver coal to West Germany cheaper than West Germans can.

Above all, Mr. Lewis fears foreign competition. It is suggested that his dark warnings about the impoverishment of America by foreign manufacturers is related to his celebrated xenophobia, or what was taken to be such in the thirties in explanation of his adamant opposition to entering the second World War. We suspect the two are unrelated, if the xenophobia is in any case more than a myth. Mr. Lewis might have been saying two things—he was inexplicit. He might have been calling for government intervention against economic freedom through stiff tariffs on imports. If so, he is reaching into the trickster's box for an old nostrum that doesn't work, and shouldn't work. More likely, he was saying to his fraternity: Behold what I have done, and do ye likewise. Anyone who says Americans cannot compete with foreign nations, whatever the disparity in the wage rate, has an inadequate knowledge of, and faith in, the American economic system; a faith less than John L. Lewis'.

The Exorcism of Hulan Jack

The Reverend Adam Clayton Powell Jr. was of course shocked at the revelation that Manhattan Borough President Hulan Jack had done such a thing as to accept a gift of an apartment redecoration from a contractor who wanted to do big business with the City. Mr. Powell is a man of renowned civic and moral sensibilities, and whenever anything so noisome as the Hulan Jack scandal reaches his ears, verily, he despairs of the human race. Mr. Powell can, however, point with pride to the fact that he has consistently insulted Mr. Jack over the years—as indeed he has everyone else, with great impartiality, who does not share his vision. He has now demanded that Mr. Jack be replaced by another Negro, the right of racial succession now evidently holding for the Manhattan Borough Presidency; and when Mr. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. demands something, very few people, not even U.S. Attorneys, tend to say him nay.

How smoothly it is all working out. Jack, you see, is Carmine's boy, and through Jack, Carmine had access to 300,000 or so votes. The *New York Post*, which hates Democratic leader Carmine De Sapio rather more than it does corrupt building contractors,

dug up the story, and blasted away. Three days after it broke, Mayor Wagner announced, in a resounding rebuke to De Sapio, that *he* will be running Democratic affairs in New York City in the months to come, and that he, not Carmine, is the New Yorker to watch at the Democratic convention in Los Angeles.

So we stand to lose Jack; and the power of Carmine De Sapio, foe of the ideologization of the Democratic Party by New York's left wing, is cut down; and Wagner and Adam Clayton Powell Jr. pass their lordly eyes over all those people, all that money, all that power.

. . . Then Beggars Might Ride

"Other things being equal"—President Eisenhower's new $79.8 billion budget for 1961 is so precariously balanced on this ancient chestnut that one wonders at the optimism with which the Administration foresees a $4.2 billion tax surplus during the coming fiscal year.

What are these "things" that, presumably, will remain "equal"? There is, first of all, the hope that Congress won't increase the level of expenditures or cut taxes, a tall hope for an election year. Then there is the number two "thing"—the expectation that the boom will go on to raise the gross national product from the $480 billion of 1959 to $510 billion in 1960. "Thing" number three is the farm situation, which has been eating up some $6 billion a year. And "thing" number four is the Russians and what they are doing in the missile field. If "things" three and four started galloping, the $4.2 billion tax surplus could quickly evaporate.

Of course the President might get his $4.2 billion budgetary surplus by accident, even if some of these "things" refused to remain "equal." But the very act of assuming a static relationship between the "things" must conspire to undermine the President's prophecy. The Administration has expressed its intention to apply the $4.2 billion to debt reduction. Well, the sum of $4.2 billion doesn't sound like very much when it is set up alongside the national debt of $285 billion. "Token" though it may seem, however, the retirement of $4.2 billion in obligations must have some deflationary effect. Would this be enough to disturb the President's hopes for a $30 billion increase in the gross national product? Since the cancellation of federal obligations must also cancel some of the basis for bank credit, the "gross national product" could hardly remain unaffected.

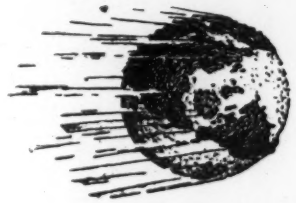
The whole "iffy" texture of the President's assumptions presents a warning against the fashionable "macroeconomic" way of dealing with the budget. Instead of trying to "balance" a high level of expenditures against a high level of tax receipts in the hope that the rabbit of debt reduction can somehow be pulled out of the Welfare State hat, Congress should be straining every nerve to cut its spending *and* taxes. If we did not have to pay high prices for foods to the heavily subsidized farmer, for example, and if we did not have to fork over $800 to pay for the taxes that are concealed in the price of a $2,800 automobile, we could afford any deflation that came in the wake of federal debt reduction. The current system of trying to combine welfarism, interventionism and what-not with high taxes and a concomitantly miraculous decrease in debt promises an impossible situation for the consumer. Depression may come out of it if past experience is any guide whatsoever—and with depression, inflation will resume its inexorable way.

Notes and Asides

On the campus of the University of Minnesota (the nation's third largest), there has been agitation all year about the student loyalty oath; polls taken, editorials written, general bemoanment at this lynching of academic freedom. It was, in sum, an active issue, and as such, eagerly seized upon by the University Conservative Club as a topic for public discussion. The club scheduled a debate for January 21 and invited as its speaker—to present the conservative viewpoint—L. Brent Bozell, an editor of NATIONAL REVIEW. Then it cast about for an anti-loyalty-oath champion. Only to find the strangest thing. Of the first twenty professors approached, ten or more found that they would have been delighted except that they just had to be out of town Thursday, January 21. These mass exodus(ees) were extremely helpful in suggesting other faculty members. But these homebodies, too, had objections. Said one: "Bozell is a professional agitator. I wouldn't appear on the same stage with him." Said another, William Rogers, head of the World Affairs Center of the University of Minnesota, "Debating is outmoded."

In desperation, the Conservative Club telephoned a Mr. John Pemberton, a member of the American Civil Liberties Union in Rochester, Minnesota, and he was a) appalled that among the 3,697 instructors and professors at Minnesota no debater could be found to defend the loyalty oath position taken by Presidents Pusey, Griswold and Eisenhower, and b) genuinely helpful. He guaranteed to put enough pressure on the faculty to get a speaker to oppose Mr. Bozell.

As we went to press (24 hours before debate time) the opposition speaker was still Mr. Anon.



Is Disarmament Possible?

JAMES BURNHAM

Disarmament—as ideal or delusion, beacon or will-o'-the-wisp—has been luring thinkers and statesmen of the West ever since the sixteenth century. In making disarmament proposals today, Khrushchev, Eisenhower and Norman Cousins could trace their ideological lineage back to Thomas More, Erasmus and Hugo Grotius. Sir Norman Angell, whose *The Great Illusion* (1908) became the international disarmament classic, has proved how in the twentieth century you can found a successful lifetime career on beating the disarmament drums. Alger Hiss first made his mark in Washington by exposing "the merchants of death" for the Nye Committee.

The ideology of disarmament rests on the following implicit reasoning. 1) It is both desirable and possible to eliminate war. 2) A principal cause of war in modern times, perhaps the primary or even sole cause, is excessive armaments. 3) Therefore we can get rid of wars, or at least minimize the chance of their occurring, by getting rid of big armaments.

This reasoning is fallacious. It is not self-evidently desirable that war should be eliminated: before so concluding, we should have to consider the real alternatives to war, some of which may be even less desirable. The evidence of man's nature and history suggests some doubt that it is possible to eliminate war, granted the desirability. But whether or not war's elimination is desirable and possible, it is certain that armaments do not, generally speaking, cause wars. This notion, the logical crux of all arguments in favor of disarmament, turns the causal relationship unside down. Actually, it is wars, or conflicts threatening war, that cause armaments, not the reverse.

Disarmament proposals do not function solely as ideology. They also have practical consequences for strategy and politics. In general, a given nation favors an opponent nation's disarming, and favors specific disarmament plans that would improve its own power position.

Thus, when England built the first steel-clad battleships in the nineteenth century, the continental nations, which had no steel plants, advocated a ban on steel "dreadnoughts." Analogously, when the United States had and the Soviet Union did not have big-yield A-bombs, Moscow campaigned for a ban on all A-bombs (*cf.* the Stockholm Pledge). When Russia developed strategic bombs, and understood that the U.S. would gain relative advantage from low-yield tactical bombs and defensive devices that were close to achievement, Russia shifted her disarmament campaign to a concentration against developmental tests rather than against nuclear weapons as such.

Of course, disarming up to a point does in fact take place from time to time, just as rearming does. Both occur in fairly obvious correlation with changes in technology and in the international situation. After a war, armies are generally cut down. Or troops may be demobilized in connection with a technological change, like the current shift to missiles, which makes some existing military units obsolescent.

What's Wrong With Arms?

After the first world war, there were formal disarmament treaties. Defeated Germany was to be compelled to stay disarmed by the clauses of the Versailles Treaty. The Washington Treaty of 1922 on Limitation of Arms reduced naval strength of the great powers and fixed the 5-5-3 ratio among Britain-U.S.-Japan.

These arrangements merely reflected the relationship of forces and the exhaustion following the war. As soon as Germany recovered her dynamism, she cast off the Versailles restrictions. Even before Japan formally renounced the 1922 Treaty (in 1935), she was violating it in practice as she struck out for a Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

In all cases, armaments appear as the secondary factor, as effect, not cause. Moreover, it is not merely changes in policies, intentions and the international situation that determine armaments. Technology also intervenes. A major nation *must* have at its disposal the most advanced weapons, whether muskets or H-bombs. Arms themselves determine arms. If a potential opponent possesses—or *could* possess—submarines or A-bombs or missiles or poison gas or biological devices, then a major nation must try to construct a counter-system. Otherwise it cannot continue to be a major nation. Inevitably is will sink to subordinate rank. Even if Khrushchev is the most peaceful fellow in the world, I cannot guarantee that his successor won't prove nasty.

From such considerations as these, I deduce that there is not going to be much disarming in the period ahead, in spite of all the talk, the ten-nation Disarmament Commission, the test ban negotiations, the Summits, the UN's unanimous endorsing of Khrushchev's Universal Disarmament Plan, and the President's Peace Crusade. The number of men in uniform may be reduced—as they already have been, by both sides, during the past few years. But the total armament, measured in terms of destructive power and cost (however concealed as civilian research or factory construction) will get higher.

This is probably a good thing for our side. An "arms race" is probably the most effective form of political-economic warfare we can conduct against our enemy. Our economy can stand it better than his, particularly in this next decade when, as last year's still unpublished census revealed, Russia faces a severe manpower shortage. By compelling him to pour manpower and resources into arms, we are introducing strain and distortion into his economic life and his political regime. We undermine his ability to do world mischief, cut his flexibility, and prod the discontents of his subjects. Disarmament is a trap that could spill us, but an arms race, well run, is a competition we can hardly help winning.

from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The High Cost of Buying American

The other day, sitting in the skate shop of the New Haven Arena, I watched a little sales drama that may have some bearing on the future of the American economy. A woman wanted some pliable rubber skate guards for her daughter. She was shown two pairs, practically identical save that one had a rubber cover over its metal fastener—and therefore looked the more elegant and expensive. The woman picked up the guards without the improved fastener and said, "I think this is the pair I can best afford."

"Lady," said the skate shop proprietor, "you've got a surprise coming. Actually, that pair sells for $3.00 —it's a dollar more than the one with the good fastener." And the skate shop man went on to explain that the cheaper and better product came from Sweden, whereas the other was made in Minnesota.

I stayed on to watch the proprietor sell some skate blades. The ones from Sheffield in England were underselling blades from St. Paul and elsewhere in this country. And, as the skate shop man explained, they were as good as their U.S. counterparts.

It is easy to match this story in a score of directions. Typewriters from Germany—even from the Soviet Zone —sell for less on Third Avenue in New York than typewriters made in America—and what's more, they are better. Transistors made in Japan are taking the market play away from U.S. transistors.

So the cry goes up, "Let's have tariffs on everything. Or, if not tariffs, let's have quotas." The only trouble with this "cure" is that it's worse than the disease. Tariffs inevitably come to be charged into the price of goods, and as for quotas, they limit what is being offered for sale and so help bid up the price of the existing supply. Thus a high-cost economy goes even higher. The consumer, with his total purchasing power cut down, buys fewer goods than he has been in the habit of buying—and unemployment increases. Meanwhile the foreigner who can't sell here also finds that he has no dollars with which to buy American goods. The world economy spirals downward and "beggar my neighbor" turns into "beggar ourselves."

The only cure for high costs is low costs—and it is to this therapy that the U.S. should turn its attention. But what makes for high costs? The easy answer is that it's "labor"—and there is no doubt that union featherbedding plays a big role in pushing up the costs in certain industries. But it can't *all* be labor. Let's take what has happened to the Underwood Corporation of America, for example. Underwood has been staggering along in Hartford, Conn., trying to make typewriters to compete with the machines made in Europe. Unable to improve their position by their own efforts, the Underwood people woke up one day to find that working control of the organization had been bought by the Olivetti Company of Italy. With 35 per cent of the Underwood stock, Olivetti has proceeded to put five of its executives on the Underwood board. It has moved into Hartford with new investment money —and it proposes to turn an obsolete plant into something that can make fine typewriters to sell in competition with European imports at a profit.

The significant thing about this particular bit of economic news is that Olivetti proposes to do all this with American labor, that high-cost item. So it can't be that labor is the sole cause of the high cost of American typewriters; know-how and technology must play some part.

This question of know-how and technology must have some bearing on the ability of the steel companies to "hold the line" on pricing. In a competitive economy there is actually no reason why the steel companies should make things easy for the consumer if he is willing to pay more for raw steel; when something is in demand it should in the nature of things command higher prices. On the other hand, it is silly to price oneself out of a long-term market by encouraging imports at lower prices. So the steel companies may have a personal as well as a public relations interest in keeping steel prices where they are. The question is: can improving steel technology absorb the wage rise that is coming next December? Since the new oxygen process promises great economies and is only now coming into widespread use, I doubt whether the steel companies really know just how much they can squeeze out of costs merely by paying strict attention to the know-how and changing technology of their business. They have eleven months in which to find out before the union contract pay increases take hold.

But to return to Underwood and Olivetti: obsolescent machinery is the main devil in many industries which are trying to compete with European and Asiatic manufacturers. Obsolescence is practically guaranteed by the idiotic tax laws which keep U.S. companies from plowing money back into a constant renovation of plant. Almost every other industrial power in the world makes it easy taxwise for manufacturers to invest in the latest productive equipment. In England there are fast write-offs; in Germany corporations are relieved of the profits tax on money they reinvest in plant. And nowhere else in the world are investors penalized by the high capital gains tax which they have to pay in America.

The trouble with our congressmen is that they never bother to speculate on the industrial "children" that fail to be born. If Underwood stockholders had not been taxed as they have been taxed, they might have speeded the renovation of their own company without any intervention by Olivetti of Italy. And how many people stick to tax-exempt bonds or to a safe savings bank 3 per cent simply because the capital gains tax and the steep corporation profits tax and the highly graduated progressive income tax make it unprofitable to take a flier on a new company, a new process or a new product?

It is time Congress did something to reverse the tax policies that keep us a high-cost country.

The Revolt of Enoch Peters

Whoever would have thought Enoch Peters would have said NO! when all the Steelworkers asked was a meager raise, salt and fresh water pools and a Bandage Day? Not Dave McKee!

PETER CRUMPET

There was a time when Enoch Peters, President of Bankfire Steel, satisfied himself with the business of making a profit at the expense of the consumer—which was wonderfully fair, because that way he could give Dave McKee most everything Dave McKee wanted, thus maintaining what was known as a progressive business attitude. Those were the days when the ADA liked Enoch Peters almost as much as "Rocky," and when Dave McKee stated publicly that the only difference between Enoch Peters and himself was that Enoch Peters ran the largest steel company in America, whereas Dave McKee contented himself with running America.

Few people discerned the faults in Enoch Peters' character that eventually emerged under pressure. I refer, of course, to Enoch Peters' extraordinary view of his responsibility as President of Bankfire Steel. The directors who elected Peters to this high post had every reason to suspect the grossness of their error, but they were of the opinion that Peters' former connection with the union movement would please McKee—and until quite recently, everybody wished to please Dave McKee. It was considered at the time a most progressive appointment, although some critics pointed out that: a) Peters' highly profitable record as manager of the plant in Akron was to be suspected; b) Enoch Peters was a graduate of neither Yale College nor Harvard Business School nor Columbia's adult education program, and was therefore sadly ignorant of the true meaning of management statesmanship, and c) Enoch Peters thus remained under the untutored impression that the first business of a president of Bankfire Steel was to run a profitable business.

Enoch Peters, unlike Walter Reuther, Dave McKee, Harry Bridges and Jimmy Hoffa, has no idea whatsoever of Social Responsibility.

I remember Enoch Peters that day in the spring of 1963, a stocky, broad-shouldered figure with the hands of a laborer. I remember the frown that creased even deeper the salt-and-leather complexion of his prairie background, and the eyes that in repose were as indeterminate a gray as pig-iron but that in anger could gleam like fired steel. They gleamed like fired steel now.

Enoch Peters' assistant, a well-bred young man with a doctorate in Labor-Management Relations and a master's in Social Integratedness, found himself strangely nervous in the presence of his chief. He knew how such trifles as the spongy American market and the fierce new competitiveness of European steel had begun to obsess Enoch Peters. He sensed that the news he had brought to the office might, under the circumstances, cause Enoch Peters to put aside the higher obligations of Bankfire Steel for the sordid business of profit.

Enoch Peters muttered, "So Dave McKee is preparing another wage boost."

"Yes sir. Rumor has it he wants a twenty cent raise, salt and fresh water pools, Turkish baths, burgundy for French-origin workers at coffee breaks, chianti for those of Italian origin, a Bandage Day . . ."

"And what in Jerusalem is that?"

"A paid holiday when all the workers wear bandages—provided by the company—to symbolize the sick-leave they were gypped out of because they failed to get sick."

Enoch Peters grunted, always a bad sign. "The contract's up in July, isn't it?"

"The sixteenth, sir."

"Well, young feller, what do you suggest we do?"

Young Feller was animated by the question. His aristocratic face crispened as he spoke. "I think we could get away with offering a five cent raise, fresh water pools only, a French bath—which I happen to know, sir, is really no bath at all—Virginia Dare wine regardless of creed or color or national origin, and a Bandage Day with workers buying their *own* bandages."

A Matter of Compromise

Enoch Peters said, "This sounds good to you—you honestly think we ought to offer it?"

"Why yes, *sir,*" said the assistant. "That way we can compromise on about ten cents an hour more, fresh water pools with salt water showers, an American bath with no Kohler fixtures, *two* glasses of Virginia Dare, and a Bandage Day in which we go splits on the splints."

"You call that a compromise?" queried Enoch Peters, enunciating the word strangely.

The young man had courage. "Sir," he said, "you've got to offer something. After all, that's the whole substance and meaning of the collective bargaining procedure: the union demands, and we. . . ."

"Give," Enoch Peters exploded. "Now listen here, feller, I've got another idea about compromise—and it don't mean raising prices on every ton of steel every damn year. For five years I've played along with Dave McKee, and I'm getting damn sick of the pay-off. I'm going to dictate a release. You set?"

Enoch Peters paced the room as he spoke, interrupting himself every now and then to admonish, "Keep writing, feller!" When he had finished he wheeled on his assistant. "You got that down? Well fix it up nice and

send it out. Feller, you all right?"

Enoch Peters bent down and picked up his assistant from the floor, looped him over his broad right shoulder and walked out of his office. Depositing the limp young man on his secretary's desk, Enoch Peters said, "Give him some Virginia Dare, and tell him to call the papers this afternoon."

A Stab in the Back

Dave McKee received a clipping of the release from a runner while he was watching his Belmont Stakes candidate work out on the private half-mile track of the Want-More Farm, a recreational area provided by the Pittsburgh Steelers Working International (PSWI) for its officers who happened to own race horses. Dave McKee, who was a big man, read the release and roared as only a big man trained in union rallies knows how to roar.

"That slimy stinking *illegitimate* b- - - - -d! That back-stabber! He won't get away with this! *Send me the President!*"

In the interval, Dave McKee tried to turn his full attention to the three-year-old galloping around the track. But he could not. Damn that Enoch Peters! For twenty years Dave McKee had had Bankfire Steel whipped. He yanked the clipping out of his pocket. He began foaming at the mouth as he read it over: "Bankfire Steel announced today a demand by the management directed at Pittsburgh Steelers Working International that the union be prepared to accept a ten cent cut in wages by 16 July, the revocation of pensions for workers who do not fulfill production standards, a guaranteed annual profit for the company to be paid out of union funds, a contribution by the union to Bankfire Steel's new Educational Fund for Intelligent Government, and a position on the union's executive committee. Enoch Peters, President of Bankfire Steel, further announced that if these conditions are not met by the July 16 deadline, Bankfire Steel will close down its Pittsburgh plant, the plant at Akron and the plant at Detroit. Mr. Peters, while refusing comment (the Company's information officer was indisposed), did mention a faltering American market and the uncompetitive position of Bankfire Steel in relation to European steel."

Dave McKee tore the clipping to shreds. He had suspected such a thing might happen. Peters had often beaten McKee to the punch. Dave McKee fingered his broken nose that had happened when they were both union organizers and rivals. Damn Peters! There was no buffaloing him. He had about as much respect for public opinion as Dave McKee had. Peters was a fighter, and that was something Dave McKee hadn't had to deal with in twenty years.

An hour of black thoughts went by, and then a helicopter came hovering through the cloud-netted Maryland skies, finally settling on the track's in-pasture.

President Boy Arrives

The tall, mopheaded fellow who unlimbered from the helicopter waved hesitantly at Dave McKee. Dave McKee favored the visitor with a hard stare. The clean-cut looking fellow dropped his hand and started toward Dave McKee, dodging the horse as he crossed the chopped-up sand.

When the visitor had approached within barking distance, Dave McKee barked, "You read that release from Bankfire Steel!"

"Yes, Dave," the tall fellow answered promptly, tousling his hair as he came closer.

"Well, what are you going to do about it!"

"Do about it, Dave?" He had come to a stop within ten feet of McKee. He did not venture further.

"Karr-*rissmas*! You run again in less than two years, boy, and don't you forget who put you where you are! Bobble this one, boy, and I'll send you back to your Boston tea-parties."

The tall fellow tousled his hair into knots. He perspired, which did not look well on his collegiate features. "Dave," he said, smiling as brightly as he knew how, "I got that little matter attended to. It was hard, Dave, but one of the two ought to be nominated."

Dave McKee was still thinking of the release. "*What* matter, boy? *This* matter of that blasted Peters is the matter I want fixed up!"

The tall fellow wiped his face. "Dave, I got Jimmy *or* Walter lined up with enough votes in the Senate to put them in. Wayne Morse and Clinton Anderson are making the nominating speeches, and they count for a lot. You know the record they both have for scrutinizing Presidential nominees for personal integrity and mental balance. One of them particularly is eager to make the nomination speech, Dave, because ever since he was kicked in the head by a horse, he's never, ever turned his back on a horse's derrière. Either Walter or Jimmy will be the next Secretary of Labor, Dave. Aren't you pleased? Dave, my oldest and truest friend, aren't you pleased?"

"That was in the cards," Dave McKee said brutally. "I'm not talking about old deals, boy. I want to know what the Hell you've done about Bankfire Steel. Any government contracts you can cut Peters out of?"

"No, Dave," the tall fellow ruefully admitted. "There's one contract in the offing, and Bankfire Steel's got it. Peters is a tough nut to crack. He's no gentleman, Dave, not one-of-us at all —you can't either buy him or intimidate him. He's underbid the other companies, and by law. . . ."

"When the Hell did the law ever get in the way of the PSWI!"

"Yes, Dave, I know it's not supposed to apply against your best interests. But you can't very well legally punish a person when he hasn't done anything illegal, and there's no law against Peters' contract-demand that I know of."

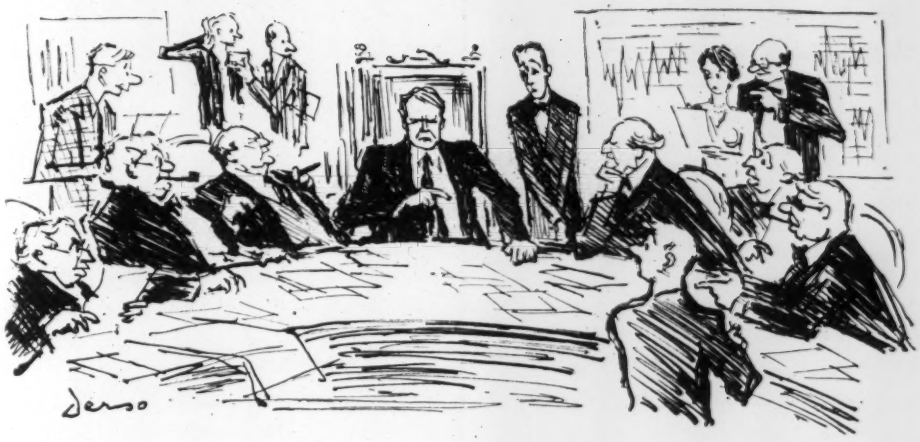
Dave McKee blew out his cheeks. "Listen, boy, that's just why we've got to smash this s.o.b., or all the other companies are going to start the same kind of foolishness."

But Boy shook his locks. "Don't see how. I really don't. You'll just have to work it out yourself, Dave."

"And you," Dave said between gritted teeth, "will just have to find your own votes. If we don't win this fight, boy . . . Now get back to Washington until I call for you."

Boy tried to smile—that appealing, youthful smile that sent shivers through women at political rallies—but Dave McKee did not respond. Boy walked with slumped, divinely-tailored shoulders to the waiting whirlybird, and in moments he was whirled back into the clouds from which he had dropped.

The fight was on. Dave McKee appealed immediately to the National Labor Relations Board, a fair and ob-



jective arbiter of management-labor disputes, as everybody knows, that provides labor unions with government-paid economists who ask the unions what they want, and then work up the figures justifying it. But the news was discouraging.

"What's wrong with a Bankfire Educational Fund?" said one member of the NLRB. "Sounds like a fine idea to me."

"Idiot!" said Dave McKee. "That's just a ruse to influence the workers' vote. I ought to know, for Pete's sake! What d'you think we use *our* Fund for?"

A silence followed these words, a sort of an embarrassed silence. One by one, the members of the NLRB suggested that Dave McKee compromise, which was the damnedest thing Dave McKee had ever heard of. "That's not the *meaning* of compromise!" he yelled, but they didn't seem to understand. "Sure it is," a member replied. "Just tell Peters you'll only accept a three-cent cut in wages."

Dave McKee brought his fist down on the table, breaking it in two. "*We're* not supposed to compromise on demands by management. *They're* supposed to compromise on *our* demands. Have you guys forgotten the meaning of the word? This is a National Emergency, you fools!"

So Dave McKee's Educational Fund was put on overtime. McKee himself called up various Intellectuals of the Highest Order, and gave them their orders. Within a week, there were long, scholarly articles by Professors Galbrough and Heshinger proving that the threat of closing down Bankfire Steel plants was an arrogant attack on Freedom of Inflation. The *Nation* devoted a whole issue to a discussion of the question, "Peters and Perdition: A Natural Corollary?", and *Playboy's* playmate of the month was a nude mill of busted proportions. All by itself, the Educational Fund churned out comic books, pamphlets and economic studies, and wherever members of the Fund met with louts who refused to grow in beauty and wisdom under the influence of the Word alone, they helped them along by recourse to those other methods so dearly traditional to the union movement: those who did not grow in beauty and wisdom certainly grew in bumps and bruises.

Counterattack

Unfortunately, Enoch Peters had taken to the field. Using ferocious words in a Directors' Meeting—quite shocking the gentlemen assembled by calling them nasty, gutless sons-of-riches—he reached down into reserve funds and financed a propaganda drive of his own. The Peters argument: higher wages without higher productivity, producing higher prices, would drive American steel out of all world markets, including the American.

Enoch Peters' punches were all of the sneak variety. Not since McCarthy had wellbred people been so disgusted. He started a new comic strip, called *L'il Dabner* (imagine using a comic strip for ideological propaganda!) which broadcast such heartrending appeals as this: "If'n Bigraft Boss don't give Catpatch workers a break by cuttin' down on his demands for mo' powk chops outta the pore ol' Catpatch powkbarrel, then L'il Dabner an' Dizzy Mae is a-goin' tuh find themselfs a-suckin' the lean bone o' pros-prity, coz the powk plant run by Charity Charlie is a-goin' tuh end up with nary a ham to share around."

Fortunately, there are laws protecting our children against obscene and degrading literature, and the Legion of Decency suddenly discovered itself, somewhat to its surprise, recommended by the publishers of *Lady Loverly's Chattel*, praised in *Publishers' Weekly* and profiled in the *New Yorker*. Dave McKee, righteously wrathful, won the prefabricated sympathy of the League of Women Voters. But Enoch Peters' wife organized the League of Women Consumers, far outnumbering the Voters, as any fool (or husband) knows. Not since Lysistrata has such feminine vengefulness been demonstrated. So many poison-perfume letters odoriferated Dave McKee's Central Headquarters that the whole staff was driven into the streets, choking and coughing, and there the League of Women Consumers pounced on them, shrilling, "Wretches! You dare raise the price of bobbypins? Take that, and that, and *that!*"

No Filibuster

Dave McKee fled to the quiet halls of Congress, for years his favorite clubhouse. There he clubbed representatives into declaring that the threat of Bankfire Steel to close down merited government seizure of the steel mills. But Peters had already been around to see the legislators, and had impressed some of them with the spiritual advantages to them of his company's new Educational Fund by likening its purpose to union educational funds. He thereby convinced the more spiritually-minded senators, who hinted that there was life in the old filibuster yet. As Congress was getting anxious to disband for its summer recess, the very hint of a filibuster was horrifying indeed. Dave McKee's bill was quietly shuffled to the bottom of the deck, from which Dave McKee, ironically enough, had so often dealt.

Sensing that he was being outflanked, McKee turned to the courts, pleading for an injunction against Bankfire Steel. But Bankfire Steel countered immediately: It wouldn't be the company's fault, after all, if McKee's intransigency forced a shut-

down. Hadn't Dave McKee often said he couldn't be held responsible if company obduracy forced a strike? Besides, Dave McKee's refusal to negotiate was a violation of the principle of Togetherness; a point Enoch Peters pounded home in a series of addresses before consumer groups, to whom he promised a big slash in the cost of living if Bankfire Steel could reduce its price per ton by even one dollar. The court heard both pleas, and read the newspaper accounts of angry consumer demonstrations; and as the courts have learned to write law according to opinion instead of opinions according to law, the members of the tribunal decided to postpone action until Gallup was heard from.

Dave McKee took to the billboards, plastering the country with anti-Peters statements. Enoch Peters struck back with an aerial campaign, hiring jets to loop slogans out of their vapor trails, the end of each slogan punctuated by a sonic boom. Dave McKee cursed as one morning the window of his penthouse shattered, and he stuck his head out to see the Peters jet acrobats at work.

But they gave him an idea. Dave McKee knew a fellow in the space exploration program. He had this friend sneak a specially-designed sending set into the instrument section of the next rocket. Every pick-up station on earth would hear the blipped repetitions of these words: "Enoch Peters, blip, is a, blip, Skunk. Blip."

Sad to tell, cosmic storms interfered with reception for two weeks: but when the storms cleared, the sending set began blipping from the satellite's orbit around Mars. The message read, "This, bloop, is Mars. Bloop-bloop. We've heard of Peters, but, bloop, what's a Skunk?"—on record as the first contact with intelligent beings from outer space.

Quotes and Transcription

Frustrated, furious, Dave McKee sent for the President.

But the President did not come.

Aghast, Dave McKee betook himself to the White House. President Boy greeted his old patron with befitting solemnity, brushing his hair for the occasion. President Boy, indeed, was feeling awfully solemn. There seemed to be a new wind in the political air, and President Boy was no person not to inhale deeply of whatever the windbags portended.

His greeting, therefore, was a somewhat distant "H'lo, Dave."

"Let's cut out the bilge and talk!" said Dave (which was transcribed by reporters as, "We have some serious business to discuss, Mr. President").

"What about, Dave?"

"Don't give me a lot of lip!" said Dave McKee (transcribed as: "It would be against the best interests of the nation not to be frank").

"I suppose you're adverting to Bankfire Steel," said President Boy, locks as skew as could be.

"You're damn well right I'm talking about Bankfire Steel. When the Hell are you going to crack down, boy!" (Transcribed: "That is indeed the purpose of my business; what will you do, Mr. President, to avert this danger to the nation?")

President Boy (who was growing up all the time) said, "I'm getting an awful lot of mail in Enoch Peters' support, Dave—plenty of it from your own workers."

"That's no news to me, you st-p-d a--." ("I am aware of the fact.") "I've got a damned revolt on my hands." ("Some workers have been deceived.")

"Well, why don't you take a sensible attitude, Dave, and offer to meet Peters half way? Hoffa and Reuther are running into trouble on that nomination business. If you don't compromise . . ."

"Me, compromise!" This was followed by a mighty "&$%!!*!!!," (which was officially transcribed as, "....," with a note explaining, "Mr. McKee reflected").

"Yes," said President Boy, "Why don't you just settle for no raise at all in a solid three-year contract? Settle the whole business, you know."

Eggs for Eggheads

But Dave McKee was not of a mind to settle the business thus humiliatingly. He stormed all over the country. One after another, Wayne Morse, Estes Kefauver, Pat McNamara, Eleanor Roosevelt, Joseph Rauh, and a slew of other figures on Dave McKee's ideological payroll, trailed him, crying their little havocs to his big one. But Enoch Peters had purchased two warehouses from the Department of Agriculture, and these people, including Dave McKee himself, were met by a hail of rotten eggs, of which the consumer, apparently, was having no more. On July 15th, a trembling President Boy addressed the two Houses of Congress in emergency session, and a Gallup injunction was issued against the PSWI for fomenting riot, for refusing to bargain and for fussbudgeting in general. Dave McKee's expert eye then took stock of the situation. Although he knew it was the end of the good old days, he signed a contract with Enoch Peters that guaranteed the status quo for three more years—and pegged further wage raises or reductions to a productivity index.

Enoch Peters rested.

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*

Maximum Security

Once upon a time, there dwelt in America a class of Proletarian Workers who had perfect Job Security. Never did they face the grim specter of Unemployment. The fortunate Worker could not be dispossessed from his job unless another Employer offered to take him on, at no reduction of his stipend, of course.

These happy Workers enjoyed a Guaranteed Living Wage, mostly in the form of room and board. And they had perfect Social Security, for the Employers were required by law to house and feed them in their Old Age. Neither did they worry about their children finding work—the Young Proletarians were automatically hired by their parents' Employers.

To be sure, there were certain small disadvantages. For example, strikes were Frowned Upon. And there were Administrative Restrictions on traveling and on changing jobs. But on the whole, the Workers were very happy. They were so happy that their Joyful Singing has become proverbial. It is indeed a Blot upon our History that because of vicious Racial Prejudice, this Proletarian Paradise was limited to Negroes.

GEORGE W. PRICE

Letter from Australia

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

New Immigration and Politics

For the sensitive traveler the transition from New Zealand to Australia is indeed a marked one—much more so than a superficial glance at the map would lead one to expect. Australia, in a sense, is an island too, but the traveler soon discovers that he has landed on a real continent with all its massiveness, its wider outlook, and occasional heaviness. Australia, like New Zealand, is British, but in a different way; its daily increasing admixture of foreign blood (almost exclusively European) does not make *Terra Australis,* the "Southern Land of the Holy Ghost" as the Portuguese navigators called it, another United States.

Sydney itself is a surprise, a city radically different from London —with the exception of a few sites and vistas in the downtown area—and even more different from the American megalopolitan pattern. Here life is more relaxed than on the shores of the Thames or on the East coast of the United States. Yet—in spite of its almost two million inhabitants, its sprawling, rather small, red-roofed houses and its truly endless expanse along bays, coves, cliffs and promontories—Sydney is not another San Francisco either. Quite erroneous, also, is our long-distance impression of Australia as a vast accumulation of rough and tough Cockneys, given to red-blooded materialism and contemptuous of the higher things in life. True, traces of the London accent can sometimes be found in the speech of even highly educated persons, but a look at the conservatively-written newspapers, at the large bookstores, at the stage, the secondary schools, and the cultural efforts provides a very different impression (Sydney is about to get a revolutionary modern opera house).

Australia is undergoing a process of transformation still attributable to the postwar Labor government, a government which broke with the old anti-immigration mentality. As a result an annual 130,000 newcomers now enter this nation of just over ten million. Many of these, it must be admitted, eventually go back where they came from. The backtrackers are mostly British who can easily return; most of the continentals are refugees, and have no place else to go. And it is precisely this continental element which rescues Australia from the peaceful, almost somnolent, New Zealand pattern of existence.

The Labor Government's decision then was not an easy one, but World War II had invoked the specter of an Asiatic mass attack on this underpopulated continent, only slightly smaller than the United States or Europe—and the foreboding that the United States might not always and automatically rush to the aid of Australia in a spirit of "white solidarity" had considerable receptivity. Even the trade unions, traditionally opposed to immigration, relented. As a result new Australians came into the country, and their image is now reflected everywhere.

Influx of Europeans

These new Australians of continental origin belong to a different sociological pattern than those of the last big wave of immigrants which hit the United States. Culturally, they do not always come with empty hands; among their number are professional men, and they display a versatility typical of the South, Central and East European. Surprisingly, many of them have made quick successes in the business world. One of the biggest contractors in Sydney is a Hungarian; and on Manly Beach, girding the most exclusive Sydney suburb, injunctions to the bathers are printed in English and *German,* Europe's most easternly *lingua franca.* In the periodicals one now encounters Slavic and Hungarian names (sometimes thinly disguised), and a walk through Macquarie Street, Sydney's Harley Street, shows an amazing percentage of foreign names.

The new Australian frequently displays a predilection for professions or crafts which cater to people in a *personal* way: acting, medicine, tailoring, jewelry, massage, waiting on tables, cooking and housework. Prior to the immigration flood only five basic breads were sold in Australia; today there are almost thirty. Espresso café bars, run by Italians, Maltese, or Greeks, have sprung up everywhere; and people who ten years ago grumbled at the alien influx now cheerfully eat in Swiss, French, German or Japanese restaurants.

Stagnation Ended

In the beginning, needless to say, the newcomers were not received with open arms. One of them told me he had been berated in an office for picking up a pencil before the clock struck nine; another was informed bitterly that mutton had been threepence a pound before the migratory wave, whereas now it costs two shillings and sixpence. The housing problem is more acute than ever, largely because of frozen rents. A flat in a nice quarter can be had for nine dollars a week. (Butter is about 40 cents a pound, workers' wages about $150 a month, cabs charge 14 cents a mile, while taxes are a good deal lower than in the United States.) Yet longtime Australians, by and large, have made their peace with the immigrants and have accepted the end of the old period of stagnation. A real revolution has set in. The transformation and inner growth of the country continues unhampered.

Curiously enough, one very important aspect of the immigration has been neglected: the import of women. The Australian immigration agencies abroad now make almost desperate appeals for girls up to the age of 35 to come to Australia. (As a result a marked influx of German women is noticeable—due to the war losses, men are still scarce in Germany). Then there is also the Asiatic immigration. In this regard the gates will never be wide open, but intelligent public opinion demands at least a quota as a gesture of friendship. The realization that the Orient rather than America or Britain is at the gates of Australia, grows stronger every day. The Japanese are the chief customers for Australian wool, and Oriental as well as Indian and Indonesian stu-

dents have come in masses on temporary permits. Neighbors are neighbors, even if they are not natural friends.

Given the abundance of wide open spaces and the desperate appeal for more and more immigrants, the trickle of Americans coming to settle down under becomes more and more substantial. (Unemployment here amounts to one per cent of the total labor force.)

None of this implies that dark clouds do not loom on the Australian horizon. My friends over here assure me that no panic whatsoever occurred in 1942, but the Japanese thrust caused a trauma in the Australian subconscious; this trauma has its roots in the generally accepted term "Australasia" (which means "Southern" or "South of Asia" and designates the country's vulnerable point). A number of times I have heard the melancholy—even if slightly facetious—remark from various Australians on the possibility of their grandchildren living under a Javanese governor, or being treated kindly by the Chinese majority. The Asiatic shadow over Australia, naturally, has ill-defined contours. One knows that the Indonesians lack all the military qualities for a conquest of Australia, that China has no seafaring tradition, and that the Japanese are still licking their wounds. Yet, deep down in their hearts the Australians feel the proximity of a terribly overcrowded, huge continent and this explains their new attitude toward immigration.

A real weakness resides in the widespread, though not generally accepted belief that, in a serious emergency, the United States would speedily come to the aid of Australia, an expectation which has a paralyzing effect on the country's military effort. The Australians (no less than the New Zealanders) had a brilliant military record in the two world wars, with staggeringly high casualty rates. It is precisely this record which obscures the fact that another war could come about with lightning speed, that a lengthy training of civilians would be out of the question—and Australia has no conscription. The Australians themselves would have to meet the first onslaught until American public opinion had sufficiently crystallized to sense the indirect menace to its own country. Several divisions must be ready for an emergency. This is partly a question of training and partly of population resources. The latter element is strongly stressed by Mr. Robert Santamaria.

This romantic name, recalling one of the caravels of Christopher Columbus, sooner or later crops up in every Australian conversation. With Catholics it appears almost immediately, and the sympathies for and antipathies against this unusual man who has divided (and thus immobilized) the Labor Party, are incredibly strong.

Robert Santamaria

Thus the first meeting with Mr. Santamaria came almost as an anticlimax; instead of a secretive conspirator or a bombastic would-be dictator, I found myself face to face with a humorous, modest and quietly devout Australian whose parents came from Italy. Originally this fervent Catholic had embarked upon a legal career, but the Communist infiltration of the trade unions, menacing the nation with one political strike after another, turned Santamaria's interest to that field. Through a methodical, but secret organization (the so-called "Movement") which he master-minded, the Communist leadership was effectively broken. Mr. Santamaria's general staff was recruited overwhelmingly from Catholics. The majority of the Australian bishops, led by Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne, gave the "Movement" its full support.

Since the political arm of the trade unions was (and still is) the Australian Labor Party, Mr. Santamaria went a step further and attempted, with the help of the "Movement," to capture at least partial control of that party. Its leader, Dr. Evatt, in opposition since 1949 and already heavily discredited by the Petrov espionage case, began to fear for his position and "unmasked" and denounced the "Movement" in 1954. This step led to a) a schism within the party and the consequent loss of its more conservative and resolutely anti-Communist wing, which split off to form the Democratic Labor Party; b) the practical inability of the now even more emphatically leftist, but numerically weakened ALP to win elections; c) a considerable amount of indignation in the country against the Catholic Church, and d) the division of Australia's Catholics into two camps, friendly and hostile respectively toward Mr. Santamaria. The Catholic anti-Santamarianists condemn the effort of any Catholic organization to amass political power if for no other reason than that Catholic power is an old bogey in most Protestant nations. This evaluation is essentially sound; the fact remains, however, that Mr. Santamaria, now running the National Civic Committee (an imitation of Italy's *Comitati Civici*), was the only man to rise to the occasion and to fight Communism. It was not his fault that the Communist threat was felt more keenly in the Catholic camp than elsewhere. Thus it is extremely difficult to form a comprehensive judgment as to the wisdom of *all* aspects of his action; such a judgment must be left to historians.

Robert Santamaria's political outlook is as complex as the present Australian situation. He advocates an increase in immigration, which is by no means easy to achieve so long as Europe's prosperity continues. He also advocates large, government-sponsored schemes, especially in Queensland, a sub-tropical region with enormous economic possibilities. He thinks that state intervention and federal (Commonwealth) planning in such ventures are unavoidable, and this all the more so since Australian capital is limited.

Scission may also occur in the political field due to a great cleavage in the ALP, as well as in the Liberal Party, between the right and the left wings. It could well be that the DLP (which now paralyzes the ALP) may one day forget its bitter memories and personal antagonisms and combine with the right-wingers of the ALP and the left-wingers of the Liberals, while the left-wingers of the ALP, who are unreconstructed radicals and fellow travelers, will be sent into the desert. (This complex move seems highly unlikely at the moment.) Yet, whatever happens, it is certain that the endless defeats at the polls will bring the Australian Labor Party's internal crisis into the open; it cannot square the circle forever and keep men like A. A. Calwell, a devout Catholic, and a fellow traveler like Dr. Evatt side by side at the helm.

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

At Harvard, Sir, We Do Not Fish For Souls—II

"For 323 years, Protestantism has supposedly been the traditional religion of Harvard. The only church in the Yard was consecrated in the Protestant tradition, and until recent years any course on religion taught in the College emphasized Protestant Christianity. Yet the religious attitude at Harvard [these days] actually seems detrimental to Protestantism, since over 26 per cent of the [undergraduate] students born in this religion have since rejected it."

Harvard *Crimson*, Sept. 16, 1959

Harvard is by no means singly responsible for the loss of faith in Protestant Christianity. Many students had become skeptical before even arriving in Cambridge. But once there, a survey by the Harvard *Crimson* of the religious and political attitudes of Harvard undergraduates reveals (see "The Ivory Tower," Jan. 16), the likelihood of a renewal of religious faith, as distinct from a renewal of *interest* in religion (Freud was interested in religion), is unlikely. On the contrary, "under the influence of the College atmosphere, doubting grows into agnosticism or into humanism." Certain ministers associated with Harvard appear to treat the flight into humanism defensively. Reports the *Crimson*: "'I personally feel this humanism is much better than drabby churchiosity,' a very prominent minister commented" (begging the question what are the views on such matters of an even more prominent Person).

Many of those who do keep their "religion" tend to define that religion for themselves. ". . . Most [Harvard] Protestants do not exhibit orthodoxy in their religious thinking—they are not afraid . . . to abandon [those beliefs] that seem untenable in the face of the rationalism and intellectualism of the College community. Liberality in doctrinal interpretation is well illustrated by the canon of immortality. Nearly every one of the 68 Protestant denominations in this country preaches eternal existence, but only 31.5 per cent of the Harvard Protestants accept this doctrine. . . . Similarly, a large number of Protestants [40 per cent] consider Christ as not divine, but only as a very great prophet or teacher."

Another way to put it is that Harvard students who are *not* Protestant Christians exercise freely the right to so call themselves; a right which, presumably, rationalism and intellectualism have conferred upon them.

It is not only Protestants who lose their religion at Harvard, but Jews and Catholics as well. But, in the opinion of *Crimson* Editor Claude E. Welch Jr., Protestantism is, ironically, the principal religious casualty of Harvard education: "The 'Protestant tradition' . . . actually seems to be fast disappearing at Harvard—if it exists now at all. A Harvard education is more destructive to Protestantism than to Catholicism or Judaism. While only 21 per cent of the Catholics and 25 per cent of the Jews in the survey apostatized, fully 40 per cent of the middle-ground [non-Anglican] Protestants dropped their denominational affiliation" and "less than one-third . . . feel themselves in 'substantive' agreement with the tenets of their faith."

To be sure, an important reason why "Harvard has also lost much of its Protestant heritage" has been the evolution of a "more enlightened and enlarged admissions policy of recent decades. No longer a training ground for the Congregational ministry, Harvard has [even] discarded its pro-New England bias. One hundred years ago the largest single religious group was Unitarian; today the largest segment is Jewish."

What are the reasons for the decline of faith? Do the students submit, as, we have seen they do in political matters, to the indoctrinational verve of their teachers? Do atheist and agnostic professors actively evangelize in behalf of non-faith? There is little evidence of this in the survey, although anyone who knows the processes of academic life knows that indoctrination goes forward under many guises, not all of them by any means visible to the indoctrinee. It is widely assumed that the attention given to religion in the administration of Nathan Pusey has revivified religion at Harvard, but the *Crimson* explicitly challenges this assumption. The poll admits to a heightened *interest* in religion, which is sharply distinguished from a *belief* in religion. Does a strengthened department of religion, for instance, imply a heightened religious influence?

". . . In courses on religious philosophy or writing the professor teaches *about* religion, and does not attempt to inculcate belief. 'Our job is to examine everything,' says Professor Raphael Demos, Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity." "You can't teach religion," says the chairman of the philosophy department, Professor Morton White, "without teaching *a* religion," and you can't do that in a secular university, so you teach *about* religion, which "no more constitutes teaching people to *be* religious . . . than teaching about Communism amounts to propagating it."

Crimson Editor Charles S. Maier, clearly a disciple of Harvard's general position on religion, comments proudly that "The University has become a sanctuary where one can avoid sectarian evangelism—a temple where the representatives of all creeds say prayers before the altar of Tolerance before laying their votive scholarship on the altar of Truth."

And a summary—the *ultima ratio* of contemporary liberal education: ". . . There exists [in Harvard] a clear pervasive spirit of questioning, skepticism, tolerance—in sum, an apotheosis of relativism and tolerance. At Harvard the values of relativism are quickly transformed from means to ends, from mere method to metaphysics. They become the 'practical postulates' of a University which wants to embrace spokesmen for opposing views in a harmonized institution. Even the religious person, moreover the believer in salvation through

(*Continued on p. 77*)

The Open Question

What About Ayn Rand?

E. MERRILL ROOT

The distinguished scholar and poet E. Merrill Root, Professor of English at Earlham College, has for several years been troubled by the disavowal of the novelist Ayn Rand by Whittaker Chambers; and now insists that nothwithstanding Miss Rand's aggressive atheism, and other stances offensive to a conservative, her works be given the respectful and sympathetic attention of the conservative community. —ED.

Ayn Rand, in *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged,* is our most original artist-philosopher. Fortunately for us, she is the artist-philosopher of sanity, freedom and vital conservation: a life-giving sun among her planets. As such, she should be acclaimed by all conservatives—but, strangely, she is not. This I would remedy.

I respect Whittaker Chambers. Yet in his review of *Atlas Shrugged,* featured in NATIONAL REVIEW [December 28, 1957], he recoiled from Ayn Rand: he found her atheistic, materialistic, ridiculous in her attempt to supersede the Cross with the Dollar. (He did not understand this: it was only a brave, honest rebuttal of the "humanitarian" pseudo-Christian sentimentality that says it does not believe in "profit" or "property," and so destroys the economy of the earth with its hypocrisy and illusion.) Chambers seems to think her more atheistic than the Communists, more materialistic than the Philistines. But even Homer nodded—and even Chambers can go off the beam.

Before I prove him wrong, let me point out that NATIONAL REVIEW has eulogistically reviewed both the late H. L. Menck. and the late Eugene O'Neill. Do either of these minor artists qualify as "religious"? Did either believe in God—or even in man? Both were nihilists. Mencken ridiculed America—and man (whom he regarded as a cosmic boob); he was a Calvinist, minus God, standing on his head. He said man can do nothing to "change the practical joking of God" (in whom he did not believe). He called man a pestiferous disease of the earth, a cosmic "urethritis." His favorite image was that of man as a sick fly sitting on a fly-wheel revolving in nothing and going nowhere. His bumptious bassdrum style reiterated a monotonous debunking of faith, hope and love; knowing nothing of religion or poetry, he ridiculed both like a tub-thumping Bob Ingersoll. A denier of God, he was naturally a mocker of man; his aim in art was to "poke the animals to make them roar." O'Neill was a bleak frozen soul who knew nothing of faith, hope, or love, of heroism or joy; his plays are nihilistic with the perpetual cosmic iceman. Both used their talents to destroy values and to engulf America in its present nihilism. Why should NATIONAL REVIEW praise such irreligious nihilists—*and dismiss Ayn Rand, who believes in reason, heroism, joy, and noble creation, as "irreligious"*?

Style as Indication

Consider Ayn Rand. Her style and creative power, as artist, are superb. The resilient steel, the rapiers of light, the immense range from wit and humor to heroic action and noble thought, in *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged,* are unsurpassed, and equalled only by Taylor Caldwell. To read her magnificent realization of the train speeding over the new rails (*Atlas Shrugged*) is to encounter, in surpassing prose, the grandeur that was once the epic poem. Can such artistry come out of "materialism" and "atheism"? A style is the truest indication of the quality of the life from which it comes. Such a style as hers never comes from positivism, any more than our earth of reason, health, beauty, joy, could ever come out of the random interplay of matter. Hocus-pocus can pull a rabbit out of a hat; but a live rabbit, beautiful upon the hills, predicates God.

Ayn Rand denies that she believes in God. But her subconscious, whatever labels her consciousness pastes on the bottle, is the blood of the living (not the synthetic) grape. In *The Fountainhead* Howard Roark (her chosen spokesman) says:

> What you feel in the presence of a thing you admire is just one word—"Yes." The affirmation, the acceptance, the sign of admittance. And that "Yes" is more than an answer to one thing, it's a kind of "Amen" to life, to the earth that holds this thing, to the thought that created it, to yourself for being able to see it. . . . Your soul, if you wish. . . . In this sense, everything to which you grant your love is yours.

And:

> He [the sentimentalist] even feels he's done something nobler by bandaging the dog's paw than by looking at your statue. So if you seek a glimpse of greatness . . . if you ask for God and refuse to accept the washing of wounds as a substitute—you're called a hater of humanity . . . because you've committed the crime of knowing a love humanity has not yet learned to deserve.

I submit that this is far closer to theism—and to the rainbow mind of Christ—than anything the National Council of Churches can even conceive! Mere humanity, she says again and again, *is not enough*: only exultation, only the possible beyond the probable, moves the world (as her own Aristotle says) "as the beloved object moves the lover." (And that, to Aristotle, is God.) Roark says: "The heroic in man. The aspiration and the fulfilment both. Uplifted in its quest—and uplifted by its own essence. Seeking God—and finding itself." Is this more "atheistic" than the Communists? Is this "atheistic" at all?

Ayn Rand's faith is in *reason, heroism, creation, joy, the free will* and the affirmative mind. She writes (in her own lyrical person): "My philosophy, in essence, is the concept of man as a heroic being, with his own happiness [the Christian would add eternal happiness] as the moral purpose of his life, with productive achievement as his noblest activity, and reason as his only absolute." She does not go far enough metaphysically: she

does not realize that all these noble qualities must be founded, to be real, in the absolute of God; but she reverences the attributes that *stem from* and that *lead to* God. Contrast such noble vision of life with the Menckens, O'Neills, Arthur Millers, Tennessee Williamses and Faulkners of the world —paring men down to lowest terms, wallowing in pettiness and perversity, resorting to corncob techniques. How different her vision: "Happiness is that state of consciousness which proceeds from *the achievement of one's values.*" (Italics added.)

The Root of Reason

How sound her epistemology: John Galt (*Atlas Shrugged*) says: "Reality is that which exists; the unreal does not exist; the unreal is merely the negation of existence which is the content of a human consciousness when it attempts to abandon reason. Truth is the recognition of reality." She agrees with Aristotle that the root of reason is: "Existence is identity, Consciousness is Identification." So logic, reason, sanity, creative mind are basic. Reality, like God, is a great *I Am.* "A contradiction cannot exist." If your conclusion fails, *check your premises*; the universe *is*—and it is *reasonable.* (Here she differs from the cheapjack existentialists.) Joy is inherent in reality—if you truly live. It says:

> Happiness is a state of non-contradictory joy—a joy without penalty or guilt, a joy that does not clash with any of your values and does not work for your own destruction, not the joy of escaping from your mind, but of using your mind's fullest power, not the joy of faking reality, but of achieving values that are real, not the joy of the drunkard, but of a producer.

And how scornful she is of the relativists, the behaviorists, the positivists: "Your consciousness, they tell you, consists of 'reflexes,' 'reactions,' 'experience,' 'urges,' and 'drives'—and refuse to identify the means by which they acquired their knowledge." She knows that you cannot be intellectual if you are only an "intellectual"—who denies *mind.*

Galt, speaking for her, says: "There are two sides to every issue: one side is right and the other is wrong, but the middle is always evil. . . . In any compromise between food and poison, it is only death that can win." "They, the intellects who seek to escape from moral values, *they* are the damned of the earth, *theirs* is the guilt beyond forgiveness." "Act as a rational being

Ayn Rand

and aim at becoming a rallying point for all those who are starving for a voice of integrity, whether alone in the midst of your enemies, or with a few of your chosen friends, or as the founder of a modest community on the frontier of man's rebirth." "In that world, you'll be able to rise in the morning with the spirit you had known in your childhood: that spirit of eagerness, adventure and certainty which comes from dealing with a rational universe." And finally: "Do not let the hero in your soul perish, in lonely frustration for the life you deserved, but have never been able to reach. . . . The world you desired can be won, it exists, it is real, it is possible, it's yours."

Ayn Rand is splendid, too, in her brilliant skinning alive of all the phonies of the earth. No one has done a more superb work in presenting, with dramatic reality and spiritual scorn, the jerks, the poseurs, the *avant garde* lunatics, the beatniks of art and intellect. She impales, like insects upon a pin, the hollow "humanitarians" who use pity and doubt, the hypocrites of "religion" in politics who use "brotherhood" and "the masses" as a slimy ladder to climb to their own power. Her realization of Ellsworth Toohey is the truest, most terrible, most profound study of the professional Liberal in all literature. It is the sunset of the "humanitarian," as her creation of Howard Roark and John Galt is the sunrise of the new man. We should salute her magnificent art as the end of the dead yesterday that men forgot to bury and the beginning of the tomorrow to which men are not yet awake.

Of course, like all who are human, she makes her mistakes. Her division of our enemies into "the mystics of muscle" and "the mystics of mind" is too silly to be worthy of her. She knows not what she says. She does not know what a mystic *is,* or she would know that William Blake was one of the sons of men who came close to her own heroic vision. And she should know that St. Thomas Aquinas was a mind who shares her love of Aristotle and her sense of reality and reason.

Ayn Rand needs to go deeper still: like Aristotle, she must thrust her roots into the metaphysical—and the theistic. But meanwhile her roots go deeper than she herself knows—or admits: for her branches bear the leaf that does not wither and the fruits radiant in their season. One cannot—with all deference to Whittaker Chambers—gather the fruits of heroism, reason, joy, creation from the thistles of positivism. *By their fruits ye shall know them.*

What about Ayn Rand? She is herself an artistic and philosophical Atlas, the good giant who bears on his shoulders the earth. On her shoulders she brings us the eternal earth which alone is the ever new earth, and it fulfills the great values of the earth of God's reality. And Atlas stands, as in the great myth, by the Garden of the Hesperides—where the Golden Apples grow.

THE IVORY TOWER

(*Continued from* p. 75)

a particular church, must divorce his role of believer from the role of teacher. If he would teach he cannot by direct methods fish for souls."

And the very last word on academic freedom defecated: *"The University demands a perpetual examination, a faith in non-faith, a paradoxical commitment to non-commitment which produces an academic dualism that reflects well the conflicts of the twentieth century."* There is no questioning that that faith in non-faith, that commitment to non-commitment, is directly related to the march of events in the twentieth century.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Practical Advice

Many parents and friends of the public schools, and a healthy number of school-board members, have become seriously interested in a decent reform of the high school curriculum. I have received perhaps a hundred letters from people seeking advice on just what a sound high school ought to try to teach. Nearly all the extant books about school curriculum have been written by "professional" educationists of the Deweyite persuasion.

At last there has appeared a book which I can commend to these well-wishers to American education: *The Case for Basic Education*, edited by James D. Koerner (Little, Brown, $4.00). This "program of aims for public schools" is a series of essays compiled by the Council for Basic Education. Some sixteen reputable scholars write about the primary disciplines which are the proper concern of the high school: citizenship, history and geography; English composition and literature; languages; mathematics and sciences; and some electives (art, music, philosophy and speech).

Education for Citizenship

As Mr. Koerner observes in his foreword, this book is not a curriculum guide or syllabus, but rather "mostly a layman's primer, discussing with him first principles in education and worthy ends to be striven for." The several essays suggest what ought to form part of a sound schooling, and what ought not. Some of them make fairly specific recommendations —for instance, Dr. George C. S. Benson's "Citizenship" lists these disciplines as necessary for citizenship-education:

"1) A knowledge of the American institutional tradition, with some comparative observations.

"2) A knowledge of English language and literature.

"3) A knowledge of mathematics at least through algebra and geometry.

"4) An introductory knowledge of the physical sciences and the biological sciences.

"5) Some knowledge of basic concepts in economics.

"6) A substantial introduction to a foreign language.

"7) Extracurricular activities which do not detract from scholarship."

The most forceful of the contributions to *The Case for Basic Education* is the work of a man of letters, writing on "Literature": Professor Douglas Bush, of Harvard. Among his many valuable observations, this is especially telling: "While I have no statistics on the matter, when I look back over thirty-five years of teaching I have a strong conviction that illiteracy has grown steadily worse. When I began, it was almost unknown among graduate students in English; now, in varying degrees, it is not uncommon. And one group is, with exceptions, consistently at the foot of the scale in both literacy and critical knowledge of literature—that is, students in education, the prospective teachers and administrators in our schools."

The Old-Fangled High School

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, the average American high school offered solid courses, and expected some sort of performance from its students. Mr. Clifton Fadiman, who contributes an introduction to this volume, lists what he was taught four decades ago. He had music, art, drawing and gymnasium, incidentally, but the real subjects were these:

"Four years of English, including rigorous drill in composition, formal grammar, and public speaking.

"Four years of German.

"Three years of French.

"Three or four years (I am not sure which) of history, including classical, European and American, plus a no-nonsense factual course in civics, which was dull but at least didn't pretend to be a 'social science.'

"One year of physics.

"One year of biology.

"Three years of mathematics, through trigonometry.

"That, or its near equivalent, was the standard high school curriculum in New York forty years ago. That was all I learned, all any of us learned, all all of us learned."

Nearly two decades after Mr. Fadiman's day in the New York high schools, your servant was graduated from an old-fashioned high school in Plymouth, Michigan. There we were taught, and taught well, very nearly what Mr. Fadiman had been taught in New York—except that I had more history, Latin in place of French and German, no drawing and no art (those we took in grade school, and music, too), chemistry in place of biology, only two years of mathematics. Also I took courses in economic theory, elements of business law, and typewriting. In marks, I stood only eighth or ninth, I think, in a graduating class of a hundred; so my high opinion of this curriculum and Plymouth High's teachers is not the product of vanity.

As Mr. Fadiman suggests, this old-fangled curriculum did help to prepare young people for life; but, as he adds, this is not the important point. Rather, it did these things for Mr. Fadiman (and, by the way, for your servant):

"1) It furnished me with a foundation on which later on, within the limits of my abilities, I could erect any intellectual structure I fancied. It gave me the wherewithal for the self-education that should be every man's concern to the hour of his death.

"2) It precluded my ever becoming Lost."

Well, many of the people who run our high schools nowadays seem to think that human beings can prosper without intellectual structure of any sort; and the average graduate of the high school of 1960, unless saved by instruction in family or church or through private reading, is intellectually and emotionally Lost. Attentively read by a fairly large public, *The Case for Basic Education* may do much to hep us find and escape from the wild and dreary forest of Progressive and Permissive "education."

Dance Around the Sacred Cow

THOMAS MOLNAR

Around 1952 the educational situation reached its critical point. Progressivism was rampant, the school-boards besieged by one-worlders, and 274 different courses were serving the "individual needs" of bored children. Since then we have begun to climb out of the educational depression. *Why Johnny Can't Read* shocked the public out of its utopian complacency, and made way for the probing analyses of Bestor, Kirk, Mortimer Smith and others. For a few years something of a stigma rather than a halo attached itself to the name of John Dewey and his disciples.

It is becoming obvious now that the counterattack has been mounted. The signal was given, unwittingly, no doubt, by President Eisenhower when, last March, he referred to the "defects in our educational system . . . as a result of John Dewey's teachings." A group of philosophers (Ernest Nagel, Sidney Hook, etc.) immediately issued a manifesto honoring Dewey's memory and proclaiming the great achievements of the philosopher, the social thinker, the public-spirited fighter—and the educator. Sidney Hook has gone even farther; in a recent brochure, *John Dewey, His Philosophy of Education and Its Critics* (Tamiment Institute, 20 cents), with undisguised scorn for his master's critics, he "sets the record straight."

Dewey's admirers, when cornered by the critics of progressive education, usually seek a way out by disowning the Disciples—"who exaggerated the original thought"—only the deeper to genuflect before the Prophet. Hook adopts the same procedure: he is willing to sacrifice some of the weeds, but only to tend with more love and care the plant, "Dewey's central educational doctrines."

Thus this brochure—packed with belittling phrases and dogmatic assertions—attempts to defend Dewey against three main charges: that his ideas are responsible for the anti-scientific attitude of our education, for its neglect of our Western cultural heritage, and for the use of the classroom as a laboratory of social transformation.

It is not surprising that what Professor Hook intends to be an apologia for Dewey, in fact justifies Dewey's critics and supplies them with further arguments. In order to prove his master's favorable attitude to science, Hook quotes his main thesis that the "pattern of thinking" learned from science "should be adopted as a norm in thinking wisely about political and social affairs." What does this mean? If it means that we should strive to act rationally, then we answer Dewey and Hook that mankind did not wait for their advice.

If it means that we should think of individuals and groups the way physicists, chemists, biologists or astronomers think of atoms, molecules, cells or constellations, then we answer that society, the State, and politics require far more wisdom than can be squeezed out of scientific concepts or "patterns of thinking." The stark fact is that the more we insist on putting the scientific label on every conceivable subject-matter and social goal, the more confused our approach to genuine science becomes; the actual result is that in many schools courses in "scientific cafeteria management" or other trivia displace physics and mathematics.

Against the second accusation—the anti-cultural bias of progressive education—Hook thinks he has found a good defense when he writes that "Dewey regards only those experiences as truly educational to which the individual reacts with an informed awareness of the problems and challenge of his environment." Note the last words and then ask yourself in all truthfulness if your interest in Greek art, Renaissance philosophy or differential calculus has actually arisen as a challenge of your environment—unless environment is interpreted to include a good book, a stimulating teacher, or simply a sudden insight while riding the bus.

But Dewey discounts the prodigious abstracting power of the mind, its ability to generate interest where no "environmental challenge" exists, its readiness to create *ex nihilo*. His solution is to *plan* "environmental challenges," "learning situations." No wonder the result is the apotheosis of "methods." Although he said that what is essential in the curriculum "depends on a number of variables," he taught that "subject-matter, methods and disciplines are to be selected so as to maximize the active participation of the learner in the process of learning." This explains why, with no meat to his educational diet but plenty of starch, method courses and the "tools of learning" have acquired such an alarming importance in the Dewey-inspired schools, why classes look like supermarkets, cluttered up with objects, and why debate on method takes precedence over concern for the mind.

FINALLY, the problem of education and society. This is a sensitive point, and it is obvious that Hook wants to dissociate Dewey's ideas from those of his disciples, Professors George S. Counts of Columbia Teachers' College and Theodore Brameld of Boston University, who make explicit what is implied by Dewey: namely, that schools should be used as weapons for establishing a brave new collectivist society.

Dewey, Hook assures us, had no uncritical admiration for any system, including democracy. He recognized that "democracy could function poorly, *e.g.*, in its treatment of minorities in the South"; but, at least, the prin-

ciple of differentiation in a democracy is "intelligence, not birth, social status or wealth." And intelligence, coupled with democracy, is for Hook the magic sesame of unity and progress. Unity, because democratically organized "school activities" instill a feeling of togetherness into "pupils who come from prejudice-breeding immigrant homes"; and Progress, because intelligence alone, "not a transmitted cultural tradition," can master our problems in this world of change.

The definition of intelligence—do I have to say it?—is "scientific thinking": we are back where we started; the dance around the sacred cow may continue. We are warned again, this time by the combined prophetic power of Dewey and Hook: "If we reject the scientific method as the supreme authority in the judgment of both fact and value, what can we substitute in its stead?" One would like to rush help to Mr. Hook who is sweating it out while we hesitate to accept his panacea; but he would only shake his head in desolation if we were to suggest that perhaps the scientific method *plus* tradition, *plus* past experience, *plus* some non-scientific wisdom, *plus* even a little irrational resistance to planning might forge a better instrument to cope with this world of change. But no: "Every alternative involves at some point an institutional authority which, historical evidence shows, lends itself to abuse, which proclaims itself to be above all interests and becomes the expression of a particular interest invested with the symbols of public authority."

Alas, Mr. Hook, this is the way things are; but, you see, we critics of Dewey think that even a scientific society would consist of human beings, and would be open to abuse of authority. But then, Dewey's educational philosophy, you conclude, does not suit our as yet imperfect society where "population is not controlled but grows by leaps and bounds and where an authoritarian parochial school system parallels the public school." You know, Mr. Hook, after reading you and Dewey on the perfect scientific society, I am inclined to become a convinced imperfectionist.

An Occupational Hazard

STEPHEN TONSOR

THOMAS HARDY once remarked that "great literature is written to the sound of breaking commandments." It does not follow, however, that breaking commandments always results in great literature. All too often the modern novel presents us with the story of men so small that even their sins become improbable and their lives as tedious as the long passage of windy and neurotic writing which describe them. Kay Boyle's *Generation Without Farewell* (Knopf, $3.95) falls into this category. It is a novel in which sentiment and sexuality are substituted for the genuine poetry of human passion, where the heroes and the heroines are too slight and shallow to wear the costumes of their vast but improbable human failures.

Indeed, improbability is the keynote of this novel. We are informed by the jacket that the background is that of occupied Germany in 1948 and that the novelist was foreign correspondent in Germany for the *New Yorker* from 1946 to 1953. But there is singularly little of Germany in the novel. It is Germany as it might have been viewed from the U.S. officers clubs, the America Houses, the first-class compartments of German trains and all the naive and comfortable enclaves of American authority and the American standard of living in that tortured and desolate land. There is no proximity to the reality of German history in those dreadful postwar years. The background has no depth or meaning and serves only, as is the case with so many historical novels, to add an air of credibility to a plot and characters too feeble to exist without such a prop. This novel will never be translated into German, not because it is thin and trashy but because no German would recognize the landscape.

In her darkly portentous way, by symbol and suggestion, the author seeks to link history, landscape and character. Each of the chief characters is symbolized by an animal counterpart, and crisis and dénouement are played out against the background of the German forest. But even here there is an essential note of falsity, and the forest turns out, even though sensitively observed, not to be the German forest after all but the product of a nature mysticism clogged and confused with the most trite of romantic fantasies.

NOR ARE the characters who inhabit this Hollywood landscape any more probable. Herr Knau, a German forester, must number among the least representative figures in modern literature. He is depicted as a semi-literate peasant type; a black-marketeer living on the fringes of the law. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a German forester who answered to such a description. Ernest Wiechert owes his life to an Oberförster who rescued him from a concentration camp. Passage of the state examinations in forestry assures higher education and assumes participation in the larger cultural life of the nation.

Jaeger, the German hero of the novel, exhibits a degree of brain-washed passivity and sheer stupidity that even two years as a POW in Colorado listening to the juke-box and sniffing honeysuckle can hardly account for. This impotent victim of the Oedipal impulse, whose time is divided between flight from the "Fatherland" and the pursuit of the earth-mother, is seriously proposed to us as representative of the postwar generation of German men.

The American men fall into two categories: the virile but amoral, and the saps. The author's clear implication is that higher learning and sentiments of humanity are not compatible with the capacity for sexual fulfillment. Consequently, the adolescent American heroine falls in love with a German groom (though for some time it seems she likes horses better than men), while her mother, the wife of an army colonel, moons about in a frenzy of phony intellectuality and sexual monomania.

Seth Honerkamp, the secular saint of the novel, is the director of the local America House. He is a large, slobbering, ozone-sucking boob whose single talent is a penchant for lachrymose cant. Like a latter-day St. Boniface, it is his mission to bring democracy to the Germans. To say that he is

fuddled as to his basic responsibilities and loyalties is understatement. Unfortunately, his portrait is all too apt and telling. Although this blue and white young man appears to be above climbing into bed, he is a great trencherman and the last line of the novel is his: "Eating always makes things easier."

With characters such as these, the great failure, the besetting sins, the

broken commandments are crimes of omission rather than commission. For all the drooling descriptions, the excited day-dreams, the sexual reveries, there is little enough actual fornication. The men are simply not up to it. Surely we are not expected to believe that creatures such as these unmade and remade Germany?

Beyond the inability of the characters to act, lies the deeper inability to believe. They do not believe in themselves; they cannot believe in each other. They are constantly thrown back on sentiment, which must do as a substitute for principle, and on sexuality, which passes in their empty lives for passion.

History is not made by such men. They cannot even be related to historical events or historical periods. They are swallowed up in its dark reaches. Their ineffectuality brands them as "time's eunuchs." The grandeur and the tragedy, the awareness of fulfillment and creation, the harvest of sorrow and contrition passes them by, and they must content themselves with their petty lecheries and their cheap sentimentalities.

But if such men do not make history, neither does their saga make literature. They are the stuff of journalism. Let us sit down to the evening paper, the television set, or the second-rate novel with a snack near at hand, for as Seth Honerkamp said; "Eating always makes things easier."

Exorcising Conservatism

M. STANTON EVANS

A SPECTER is haunting American Liberalism—the specter of conservative revival. This disagreeable poltergeist, long silent and docile, not only insists on knocking about in the attic, but of late has even begun making off with the young.

Refusing to believe that such a demon can exist, the shamans of the Left have resorted to two favorite incantations. The first is sympathetic, a formula of compassionate disappointment: "Yes, we really do need responsible conservatism today; unfortunately, this (*i.e.*, any particular kind of conservatism) isn't it." The second states more directly what the Liberal really believes—that such things simply cannot be, "because the American tradition is Liberal."

The Conservative Illusion (Columbia, $6.75), by M. Morton Auerbach, is of the second school. It seeks to prove that "the American ideal has never been Conservative," and that "Conservatism is an illusion which never has been and never will be able to translate its own ideal into reality." Abracadabra, swing the magic amulet, and—poof—no more conservatives!

The exorcism, however, doesn't get the job done—primarily because it is not directed at the right people. Although setting up shop as an authority on conservatism, Mr. Auerbach enjoys an extensive ignorance of who the modern conservatives are and of what they are trying to accomplish. Most important, he fails to realize that conservatism today is animated by a desire to regain lost freedoms, while holding firm to those that are not already lost. While he rambles back and forth across the lines of his own artificial categories, Auerbach says that, essentially, conservatives are not interested in freedom, but in social "harmony." Freedom, he maintains, is the special province of the Liberal, and whenever conservatives turn up advocating it (as they are forever doing), that is simply a Liberal element in their thought.

The first conservative, we are told, was Plato. And when Auerbach wants to prove a point about conservative "failure," he checks out "reality" against Platonic notions of the strifeless polity. The book thus degenerates into a blatant exercise in *petitio principii*—telling us a few things about Plato and harmony, but not necessarily anything about conservatism.

Most conservatives would probably admit that there is greater depth in Plato's conception of final values, in his instinct for the organic unities of social life, than there is in Aristotle's common-sensical view of man. But that hardly makes them Platonists. Auerbach's talk of "failure" and "reality" is concerned, not with the character of "the god," but with the techniques of social organization. And in these terms, it was Aristotle, not Plato, who was the Burkean conservative.

Deepening his confusion, Auerbach tries next to represent Burke as a Platonist, a verbal agony which involves: 1) explaining away Burke's distaste for those who wanted to transform society according to radical abstractions; 2) disposing of Burke's ardent attachment to liberty (as follows: *"If we 'subtract' prosperous freedom from his value postulates, personal tranquillity and societal harmony remain."* The quotes around "subtract" are not explained, but in any event they underscore the quaintness of making people fit one's categories by severing them from inconvenient "value postulates."); 3) passing off the fact that, whenever Burke mentions Plato, he does so critically (Burke's American counterpart, John Adams, was also explicitly cool toward Plato).

THIS Orwellian tussle with Burke and Plato gives way to an equally peculiar discussion of modern conservatives. Only one authentic conservative (Russell Kirk) is discussed at length; one other (Richard Weaver) is inspected briefly and inadequately; and three (Donald Davidson, Frederick Wilhelmsen, Anthony Harrigan) are hit quick, glancing blows. That is all. The rest is an Alice-in-Wonderland gambol through the thought of such people as Peter

Drucker, Herbert Agar, Reinhold Niebuhr and Peter Viereck. The only "conservative" missing from that line-up is David McDonald (who, after all, is opposed to *changing* the work-rules that protect featherbedding in the steel industry).

What are we to think of a book that presumes to instruct us about contemporary conservatism, but which nowhere deals with Christopher Dawson, Eric Voegelin, Eliseo Vivas, Wilhelm Roepke; which makes no serious attempt to grapple with the ideas of Irving Babbitt, Albert Jay Nock, Ortega y Gasset; which contains only the barest mention of Tocqueville, none of Acton or Burckhardt or Madison.

Such omissions suggest that Auerbach has been betrayed by his own preconceptions. Emphasis on harmony alone will not serve to distinguish conservatives from authoritarians, including authoritarian Liberals; a contrary emphasis on freedom would not distinguish them from classical Liberals. The distinctive fact about conservatism, obviously, lies somewhere beyond these mechanical identifications.

Conservatives want a particular kind of harmony, growing from individual moral choice (a fact that Auerbach occasionally grants, but in no way allows to influence his central argument)—and such choice can occur only in circumstances favoring volition. For the conservative, there can be no "harmony," of the kind he requires, without freedom. Yet even this attempt at synthesis will not serve to distinguish the conservative; classical Liberals, beginning from different assumptions, are also in favor of joining order and liberty.

The special virtue of American conservatism has been to unite individual freedom and communal stability, within a durable political framework. The American Constitution, diffusing power along all the planes and axes of society, is designed to curb what Aristotle called "the wickedness of human nature"—the penchant for error which Christian doctrine names "original sin," and which utopians can never accept, however named.

THE KEY political difference between conservatives and Liberals of all kinds lies here—in their conflicting views of man. If we understand this basic disagreement, we understand that the American tradition is unequivocally conservative; that while it is "libertarian," devoted to freedom, it is not "liberal"—*i.e.*, it does not share the secular humanism and sliding epistemology which are characteristic of Liberal thought, classical and collectivist.

It is significant that Auerbach nowhere offers any discussion of the Constitution or its gloss, the Federalist Papers—certainly the nation's ranking political documents—or of James Madison, in all probability her ranking political theorist. These are precisely the sources of libertarian conservatism in America, the political tradition that makes nonsense of Mr. Auerbach's painful categories.

In sum, Mr. Auerbach has given us a disappointing book. We have long been in need of a responsible, well-reasoned critique of the conservative revival; unfortunately, this isn't it.

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Vive La Différence

GARRY WILLS

SEX IS NOT overemphasized in modern life: it is underrated. It flares out with dark intensity because it has been forced into too small a compartment. No wonder Freud found sex stalking the mind, when the mind had driven it out of the normal social framework. Bentham and Marx, the factory and the commune, the "purely economic" society have led to Freud and the purely sexual subconscious.

At the heart of society lies no abstraction called "economic man," no gumbo called "mass society," but—rotten or flourishing—the basic social unit; the family. The real war today is not between capitalists and Communists, but between the family and all disintegrative, oversimplifying, homogenizing trends. The family is the eternal proof that life thrives on diversity; that order and freedom are achieved only by a balancing of complementary principles—authority and love, parent and child, action and passion, *male and female*. Those enemies of life who would plan society as a static pattern of efficiency have, ever since Plato, made war on the family. Liberalism's insistence on "feminism"—*i.e.*, on the denial of specific virtues to females—is the latest and continuing example of this. The harvest, in terms of divorce, delinquency and psychological aberration, is everywhere around us.

These truths are as old as man. But one must disguise truth, today, as empirical hypothesis, and introduce eternal realities as fashionable findings of the clinic. The virtue of a new book, *And God Created Man and Woman*, by Lucius F. Cervantes, S.J. (Regnery, $4.00), is that it presents these truths in terms of empirical sociology, and (a rare thing) does this honestly. The results of a contempt for reality often *are* measurable and the cases, statistics, and "scientific findings" are marshaled here with scrupulous accuracy.

Man is double, male and female; so that, as Father Cervantes points out, "sex" cannot be defined univocally. It is "the sum of differences" between male and female animals; in man's case this sum is prodigious, and extends over a vast range. Doctors can tell the sex of a person if given any single cell from his body; tissues are unalterably ordered to different tasks. The detailing of this truth can be, and is, fascinating. The strongest woman ever trained can lift only half as much as male weightlifters; Helen Wills was no match for any passably good male tennis player. The outward drive of men makes them the great specialists—musicians and cooks, poets and interior decorators. Woman lacks this outward drive; she gathers to herself, nurtures and conserves in her broad sympathies. Father Cervantes shows how little these characteristics depend on social convention and "repression" of women:

in many societies music has been a woman's accomplishment, yet there has been no great composer in their ranks. No true friend of woman can want to reduce this rich dialectic of equal and opposite tendencies to a sterile composition on man's terms. Complementarity, not competition, is the bond which makes the sexes supplement each other on every level of life.

The child's need of both sexes in his upbringing is also measurable, and in startling terms. Father Cervantes gives many examples, and calls on Freud's observations of shipwreck to show what happens to children who do not develop in the atmosphere of dialectic balance which is a healthy family. What Freud did not know is that his materialistic limitation of sex to a physical principle is the cause of the very tendencies he meant to check. Sex is an analogous term, not a single thing captured in the test tubes of psychological "laboratories." Because man is male and female, and because he is body and soul, intellect and will, sentry in time of the eternal—because of these things, sex is a part of his whole range of reality. When that richness of human reality is reduced to the animal, sex becomes a blind drive and explosion of nerves; and so vast a thing must take signal revenge for this slighting treatment.

If balance is to be regained, things long dismissed as romantic and benighted must be resurrected: a belief in the sanctity of sex, in the beauty of womanliness, in the deep gulf between man and woman, the beneficial mystery of their diversity. Father Cervantes' truly scientific book arrives, at last, at the truth that was always to be found in romantic poems: man's sanest reaction, when faced with that strange opposite called woman, is wonder and a sense of unworthiness.

Movies

Smellie on Seventh Avenue

JOAN DIDION

THAT frenzied race described by *Variety,* back in October, as The War of the Smellies came to a finish a few weeks ago when Continental Distributing opened *Behind the Great Wall* in AromaRama at the DeMille Theater in New York, simultaneously getting a month's running start on Mike Todd Jr.'s Smell-o-Vision and bringing right to Seventh Avenue "the sights, the sounds, yea, the very *smells* of another world." (Credit: Chet Huntley's AromaRama narrative.)

Although both Todd's *Scent of Mystery* and *Behind the Great Wall* assertedly smell forty different ways, I counted only twenty-seven of the very smells of another world wafting in and out of the DeMille, and twenty-seven were, let it be clear, quite enough. Somewhat snoof from a cold (*snoof,* according to the AromaRama people, implies a defective sense of smell and is a word "used in modern times only by John Galsworthy") the night I saw (?) *Behind the Great Wall,* I expected to miss some of the fun. Not at all, and I came to pity those members of the audience not protected as I was by a subtle counterattack of Ben-Gay.

More about the Aromatis Personae, as the program straight-facedly calls those twenty-seven smells, presently. The glory that was AromaRama began even before the theater darkened. Outside, a gentleman in a Tartar falconer's costume strolled about Seventh Avenue with a stuffed falcon on his arm; the lobby crawled with acned, pigtailed youths in coolie hats and usherettes with Maybelline-slanted eyes and rayon-brocade sheath dresses slit past their knees. Except for the inscrutable fact that everybody on the scene at the DeMille was pure Bronx Caucasian, the ambience seemed roughly that of the old honky-tonk International Settlement in San Francisco. Upstairs, tea was poured for the customers "courtesy of Chin and Lee," who were pushing their canned chow mein in conjunction with this Third Wonder of the Entertainment World. ("Sight . . . sound . . . and now . . .")

Filmed a few years ago by the Italian producer Leonardo Bonzi, *Behind the Great Wall* was in the beginning simply a travelogue, *sans* smell, *sans* Chet Huntley's narration, of interest mainly because it took the viewer into Red China. Lavishly photographed, the film, then called *The Chinese Wall,* won awards at Brussels, awards at Venice, and, eventually, the heart of Walter Reade Jr., an American film importer and circuit operator, who saw in it the vehicle for Charles Weiss' AromaRama technique. (The technique, incidentally, is different from that in Todd's Smell-o-Vision; Weiss conceived of air-conditioners blowing scents in and sucking them out, two seconds each way, while Smell-o-Vision releases smells by devices on theater seats, and depends upon perfumes that dissolve so quickly in air that they need not be sucked out.)

To *The Chinese Wall,* Reade brought a new title, smell, and Chet Huntley, who introduces the movie with the same brand of level-eyed dissertation that has been bemusing television viewers for some years now. Huntley, describing himself as "one who must communicate with a large human audience"—dig those chimps who watch John Daly instead—first outlines a little global history in terms of smell, characterizing Columbus and Marco Polo once and for all as "refugees from the smells" of the old world. Fastidiously shooting his cuffs, Huntley then squeezes an orange and floods the theater with the first—and best—of all the smells to come.

The camera moves from Huntley, dribbling orange in hand, to Hong Kong, where, among the smelly delights—smells of streets, docks and night clubs, including "the scent of the narcotic curse of the Orient"—we are introduced to an "old China hand," who has in his pad a rusted typewriter (Old China Hands are Dissolute) and a copy of *U.S. News & World Report* bearing the cover legend "What Tight Money Really Means," as well as to a Chinese girl who drives a Detroit station wagon and is last seen waving good-bye as we pass beyond the bamboo curtain. Huntley describes her as "enigmatic."

From there on in, *Behind the Great Wall* is one big nasal festival. The appearance on screen of cormorant fishermen at Kweilin triggers a release of "air dank with the ages, but fresh

as the morning time of the world," smelling, morning time of the world or no, suspiciously like those Hong Kong docks. We smell along with Chet through ice-breaking, scenes of Mongolian riders, a tiger hunt ("in the forest burning bright," as he puts it), calisthenic dancing by Chinese codgers in an evergreen garden, and the building of the New China. Somewhere along we go to dinner in a Shanghai restaurant with some girls who seem to be having an office party, besides seeing a re-creation of scenes from a Communist movie about a girl who couldn't be kept down on the farm after she'd seen the building brigade. It all winds up grandly in a splash of fireworks. The fireworks were supposed to smell, too, but I didn't catch it.

Too snoof.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

LA GUARDIA, by Arthur Mann (Lippincott, $6.00). A cynical New York politician once wisecracked that the ideal candidate in his city would be a "war-wounded Negro nun." Pending the advent of such a paragon, millions of New Yorkers turned to Fiorello La Guardia—half Italian, half Jewish, Episcopalian and a Mason. This highly readable and meticulously annotated biography of the Little Flower (the first of two projected volumes) traces his tempestuous life down to 1933, just prior to his first election as Mayor. To the author's credit, he makes no attempt to hide his subject's glaring defects—the raging power-drive, the wild inconsistencies, the unscrupulousness, the rough stuff. But in subtitling this volume "A Fighter Against His Times," Mr. Mann does La Guardia somewhat more than justice. He was not—a politician seldom is—a fighter against his times. On the contrary, La Guardia from the start rode the crest of his times—the flood of South and East European immigration that ultimately broke the Irish hegemony in New York City. But it was quite a ride, and it makes a colorful story; and in the end, as Jim Fisk once bragged of a business deal, nothing was lost save honor. W. A. RUSHER

MASSIVE RETALIATION: THE POLICY AND ITS CRITICS, by Paul Peeters (Regnery, $5.00). This book is a passionate apologia for the military and international politics of the Eisenhower Administration in its Dulles era. Professor Peeters, using official public statements as his source material, offers a systematic, and highly flattering, interpretation of the doctrine of "massive retaliation." He examines, though briefly, several of its diplomatic and military applications. At greater length he reviews the public debate over the doctrine, and the fierce attack on it by Democratic politicians and Liberal publicists. This leads him to a concluding discussion of "Partisanship in America," which he feels has reached a degree of factional bitterness that threatens the foundations of our society. His demonstration, by the record, of the irresponsibility of Messrs. Stevenson, Kennan, Lippmann, Humphrey, Fulbright, Harriman, Finletter *et al.* is logically convincing, but would be psychologically a good deal more persuasive if Professor Peeters were a shade less total in his endorsement of the Eisenhower-Dulles performance. J. BURNHAM

WEARING OF THE GREY, by John Esten Cooke (Indiana, $7.50). This is an interesting oddity, described as "Being Personal Portraits, Scenes & Adventures of the War," by a sometime writer of bad romantic novels who served as a Confederate officer throughout the war (mainly on Jeb Stuart's staff). Stuart is his chivalrous hero, and cavalry battles are sometimes described as "gay romps." What Cooke saw firsthand, he reports well—and certainly he succeeds in giving the reader the "feel" of the war. But there is considerable trash in this uneven book, and the antique stylisms and gross overwriting make it somewhat tedious going.

J. P. MCFADDEN

OUT OF THE JAWS OF VICTORY, by Jules Abels (Holt, $4.95). This is a long-needed history of the Presidential contest of 1948, when a hayseed Prometheus defied the gods of press and poll, and won. With considerable skill and humor, Mr. Abels has recreated Truman's unbuttoned campaign of bunk and Dewey's insistent failure to have any campaign at all. The story suggests that Republicans cannot win "independent voters" by mimicking the opposition, and that they cannot rally their own faithful if they bemuse themselves with PR slogans and Presidential hoopla. Victory is not so easily attained. It will come only through a hard-hitting defense of GOP principles and down-the-line travail in ward and precinct, aimed at electing a Republican Congress. In making this lesson clear, in evoking the mood and pace of '48, Abels has written the best book on political campaigning, as it really happens, since Lubell's *The Future of American Politics.* M. S. EVANS

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To the Editor

A Dissent, Pianissimo

As one student who cannot relinquish the burden of repetitious Education courses from his crowded curriculum, I fully appreciate your "Nothing's Too Good For Our Children Department" [January 16] where you cite four prime examples of the farce of the School of Education. I, as most students, have always considered Education courses as ones where "A's" flow freely if you just read enormous amounts of John Dewey and Jacques Maritain and write subsequent critiques on them. However, as a major in Physical Education at Manhattan College, N.Y., where teachers, not football players are produced, I must argue that Little League baseball DOES actually have educational implications.

New York City ROBERT J. KIERNAN

The More It Changes . . .

The World Jewish Congress has outlined plans for the West German Government to investigate the background of people with responsible public and professional jobs so as to eliminate former active Nazis. Government officials, the judiciary, journalists and teachers would be subject to inquiry and dismissed from their jobs to prevent the spread of Nazism. Substitute the word Communists for the word Nazis and you will see that these measures are exactly the same as those Senator Joseph McCarthy fought to have taken against former Communists. . . .

Babylon, N.Y. MABEL E. KAIM

Loyalty Oath

In all the controversy over the "loyalty oath," perhaps one of your readers can enlighten me on the following question. Why is a loyalty oath an honorable and proper instrument if to be extracted from delegates to a political party convention (perhaps even the negative oath that they will not enter or support another candidate), but suddenly a detestable and abhorrent instrument when required of those borrowing taxpayers' money for college education?

It memory serves, the same people who are loudest in their condemnation of the student oath, were intent upon forcing the Southern delegates to the 1956 Democratic convention to submit to such an oath, with regard to party loyalty.

New York City CLEMENT C. MASON JR.

Although I think the printed page should make consistent effort to avoid profanity even in the imputed reaction of a Liberal university president, be it Griswold or Pusey, nevertheless I liked the dexterous and timely and cogent riot act your editorial "Please Note Our Highmindedness" [December 5] proved to be anent the Liberal obsession against the loyalty oath. I have as little predilection for the Liberal fears and superstitions as you; but it all belongs to one and the same pattern, namely liberty for the moral Liberals to do as they please. . . .

San Pierre, Ind REV. ALBERT F. KAISER

Brief and Clear

Now Ike may have a chaotic and all but incomprehensible manner of speaking, as you have from time to time intimated—but you must admit that the following is a masterpiece of brevity and clarity: "The next war will surely destroy humanity and I am sure that America will win that war." Ike thought this one up all by himself at a press conference, so no ghost writer can take credit.

Chicago, Ill. M.L.

A Positivistic Skeptic

In his review of *Our Public Life* [January 16] Willmoore Kendall asks "who ever heard of a positivistic skeptic who was a right-winger in politics?" Could that question be an illustration of "false antithesis," which was described by Frank S. Meyer in "Principles and Heresies" (same issue)?

All Marxists claim to be atheistic materialists; the "false antithesis" is the assumption that therefore all atheistic materialists (positivist skeptics) are Marxists. Notwithstanding Mr. Kendall's rhetorical question, be assured that there are materialists who are right-wingers and, believe it or not, there are plenty of the religious-minded who are decidedly of the left.

Newton, Mass. DAVID HAMBLEN

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MISCELLANEOUS

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Is It Really Featherbedding?

Assuredly one of the most urgent and important matters to come up early in the 1960 session of Congress will be featherbedding on the railroads and its many facets. Before congressional hearings begin, there should be a much wider pro-and-con knowledge of this subject.

In the November 7th issue of NATIONAL REVIEW your comments were too unstudied and casual to be truly representative on the subject. "The union wants to hold onto the jobs remaining, even if this means carrying superfluous firemen on diesels—and driving the railroads into bankruptcy."

My rejoinder would be that "superfluous firemen" are about as expendable as co-pilots on airplanes. They are there for the same reason, public safety.

The Railroad Brotherhoods say that their attitude toward the rules is flexible, but insist that before changes are made, safety factors must be carefully considered. We are reminded that 23 states have so-called "full-crew" laws and that before the railroads can discard "firemen who tend no fires and brakemen who handle no brakes," these states must be persuaded that the changes can be safely made.

The fireman, who is most often a qualified engineer today, assists the operating engineer who has his hand on the throttle and his eyes on the roadbed and has no time for mechanical breakdowns and emergencies. That is the job of the engineer's helper who must keep constantly alert. Hundreds of people—and valuable property on freight trains—cannot be left completely at the mercy of a mechanical device.

And it is true that most trains today do have air brakes. A train of 100 freight cars is almost a mile long. It has 400 swinging brake beams, 200 air hose and 800 wheel bearings. Trainmen say that unless trouble in any of these is quickly detected, a wreck may result.

The Railway Labor Executives Association (RLEA) in Washington claims that productivity is increasing faster on the railroads than it is in industry generally. From 1947 to 1956, the product of rail workers, measured in revenue traffic units per hour, jumped 43.6 per cent while the increase in industry as a whole was 26.1 per cent.

So let's keep open minds on featherbedding on the railroads, and give these rail workers to whom we entrust our safety an honest hearing based on accurate information. Let's not accept headlines and clichés with such apparent avidity.

Forest Hills, N.Y. MONICA BARRY

Franco-Russian Entente

It was most interesting to read the comment by James Burnham and elsewhere in the current [January 16] issue of NATIONAL REVIEW with regard to de Gaulle and a Franco-Russian entente. . . .

I seem to recall also that a great deal of French money went into the building of the excellent Czarist railway system. A French friend of mine in the 1920s deplored the losses his family and many, many others in France had suffered through the failure of the Soviet government to stand back of these earlier loans. So there may be quite a large financial aspect to this present talk of closer Franco-Soviet relations. . . .

FERDINAND LATHROP MAYER
Bennington, Vt.

Merry Christmas

The cover on your January 2, 1960 issue was embarrassing . . . disturbing . . . un-Christian, unkind, ungentlemanly. I am ashamed to see such a lack of good taste.

West Orange, N. J. I. M. LANDON

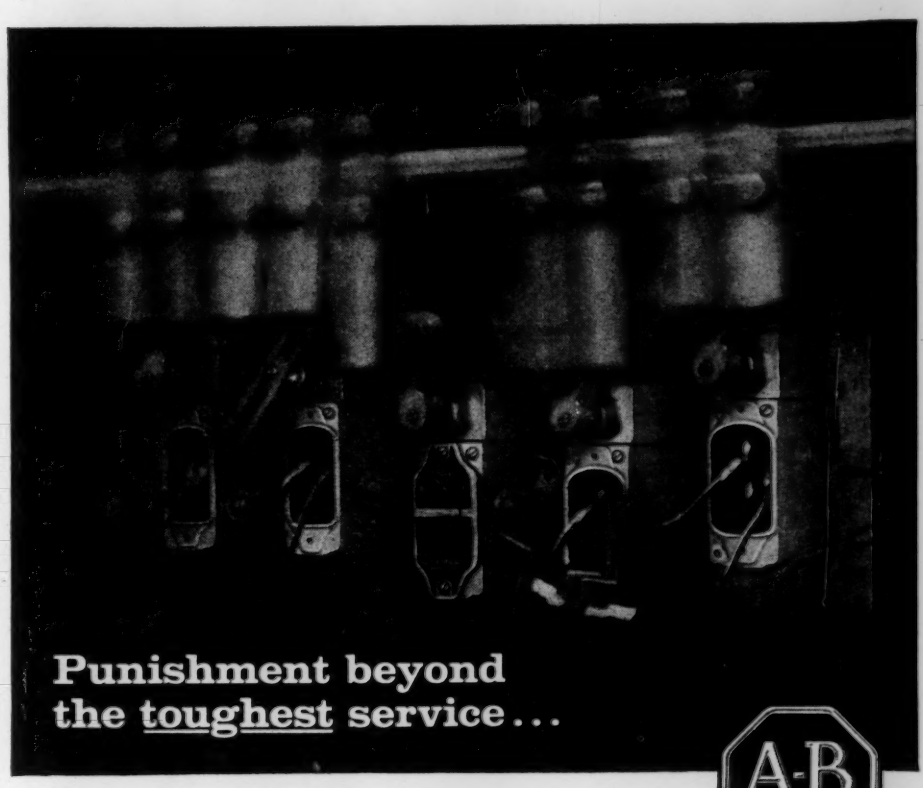
I enjoyed both the content and color of your Christmas cover. NATIONAL REVIEW's sense of humor has once more inspired hope in me for this somber age of ours. Filled with holiday goodwill, my benignancy is so all-embracing as to enfold even Americans for Democratic Action. May their brows unfurrow.

San Francisco, Cal. HAROLD LESSER

The Young Heaths

Who wrote *The Young Visiters,* and who wrote "The True Sprit of Christmas"? The article [January 2] is delightfully amusing, and one would be charmed to meet Pam, John, Priscilla and Buckley if they would walk out of a story book into real life—the children one always hopes to know, but finds only in some vague memory of an adult, or memory fused with imagination.

ROMAINE L. POINDEXTER
San Marino, Cal.



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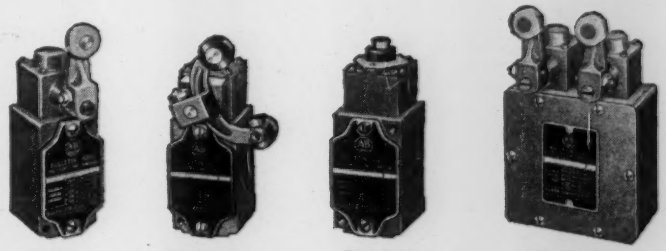

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